STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE,

Sacred Poems.

WITH

The Delights of the Muſes.

1616-1650

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *ſometimes of* Pembroke *Hall, and late fellow of S.* Peters *Coll. in* Cambridge.

Wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed for *John Hayes.*
1670.

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Learned Reader,

He Authors friend will not uſurp much upon thy Eye; this is only for thoſe, whom the name of our Divine Poet hath not yet ſeiſed into admiration, I dare undertake, that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagoræ) *affirmeth of his Maſter, at his Contemplations, theſe Poems can,* viz. *They ſhalt lift thee Reader, ſome yards above the ground; and, as in*

Pythagoras *School, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty Lectures; so, mayst thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a Heavenly pitch; and thus refined and born up upon the wings of Meditation; in these Poems thou maist talk freely of God, and of that other state.*

Here's Herbert's *second, but equal, who hath retriv'd* Poetry *of late, and return'd it up to its* Primitive *use; Let it bound back to Heaven Gates, whence it came. Think ye St* Auguſtine *would have ſteyned his graver Learning with a book of Poetry, had he fancied their deareſt end to be the vanity of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our* Poet, *that every foot in a high-born Verſe, might help to meaſure the ſoul into that better world:*

world: Divine Poetry; *I dare hold it, in poſition againſt* Suarez *on the ſubject, to be the* Language *of the Angels; it is the* Quinteſſence *of* Phantaſie *and diſcourſe center'd in* Heaven; *'tis the very outgoings of the ſoul; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own Verſe.*

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface thoſe under-headed Poets, Retainers *to Seven ſhares and a half; Madrigal fellows, whoſe only buſineſs in Verſe, is to rime a poor Sixpeny Soul, a Subburb ſinner into* Hell; ——*May ſuch arrogant pretenders to* Poetry *vaniſh, with their prodigious iſſue of tumorous heats and flaſhes of their adulterate Brains, and for ever after, may this our* Poet *fill up the better room of man. Oh! when the general arraignment of Poets ſhall be, to give an account of their higher ſouls;*

with what a triumphant brow ſhall our Divine Poet *ſit above and look down upon poor* Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, &c. *who had amongſt them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant* Genius *upon Bees, Dung, Frogs, and Gnats*, &c. *and not as himſelf here, upon Scriptures, Divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels.*

Reader, we ſtile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, *and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in* S. Maries *Church near* St. Peter's *Colledge; there he lodged under* Tertullian's *roof of Angels; there he made his Neſt more gladly then* David's *Swallow neer the Houſe of God: where like a* Primitive Saint *he offered more* Prayers *in the night, then others uſually offer in the day; there he penned theſe* Poems, Steps

for

for happy Souls to climb Heaven by.

And thoſe other of his pieces, intituled, The Delights of the Muſes, *(though of a more Humane mixture) are as ſweet as they are innocent.*

The praiſes that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him, he was excellent in Five Languages (beſides his Mother-Tongue) viz. Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spaniſh, *the two laſt whereof he had little help in, they were of his own acquiſition.*

Amongſt his other accompliſhments in Academick (as well Pious as Harmleſs) Arts, he made his skill in Poetry, Muſick, Drawing, Limming, Graving, *(exerciſes of his curious invention and ſudden fancy) to be but his ſubſervient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand buſineſs of his ſoul.*

To the former Qualifications I might add that which would crown them all, his rare moderation in Diet (almoſt Eſſian Temperance) he never created a Muſe out of diſtempers, nor (with our Canary Scriblers) caſt any ſtrange miſts of Surfets before the intellectual beams of his Mind or Memory, the latter of which he was ſo much a maſter of, that he had there under Lock and Key in readineſs, the richeſt Treaſures of the beſt Greek *and* Latine *Poets, ſome of which Authors he had more at his command by heart, then others that only read their Works, to retain little, and underſtand leſs.*

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praiſes, larger then this Book, nor need I longer tranſport thee to think over his vaſt perfections, I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gentleman (now

(now dead to us) as he himself doth, with the last Line of his Poem upon Bishop Andrews's *Picture before his Sermons.*

Verte paginas.

—Look on his following Leaves and see him breath.

The

The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it be
My life to dye for love of thee.

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The Weeper.

HAil Sister Springs,
Parents of Silver-forded rills!
Ever bubling things!
Thawing Christal! Snowy Hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair Eyes sweet *Magdalene.*

2 Heavens thy fair Eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And Stars thou sow'st whose Harvest dares
romise the earth to countershine
hat ever makes Heavens fore-head fine.

3 But we 're deceived all,
Stars they 're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heavens other spangles do:
is not for our Earth and us,
o shine in things so pretious.

4 Upwards thou dost weep,
Heavens bosome drinks the gentle stream,
Where th' Milky Rivers meet,
Thine Crawls above and is the Cream.

Heaven, of ſuch fair Floods as this,
Heaven the Chriſtal Ocean is:

5 Every morn from hence,
A brisk Cherub ſomething ſips
Whoſe ſoft influence
Adds ſweetneſs to his ſweeteſt Lips.
Then to his Muſick, and his Song
Taſtes of this breakfaſt all-day long.

6 When ſome new bright gueſt
Takes up among the ſtars a room,
And Heaven will make a Feaſt,
Angels with their Bottles come;
And draw from theſe full-Eyes of thine,
Their Maſters Water, their own Wine.

7 The Dew no more will weep,
The Primroſes pale Cheek to deck,
The Dew no more will ſleep,
Nuzzel'd in the Lillies Neck.
Much rather would it Tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy Tear.

8 Not the ſoft Gold which
Steals from the Amber-weeping Tree,
Makes Sorrow half ſo Rich,
As the drops diſtill'd from thee.
Sorrows beſt Jewels lie in theſe
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the Keys.

9 When Sorrow would be ſeen
In her brighteſt Majeſty,

(For ſhe is a Queen)
Then is ſhe dreſt by none but thee.
Then, and only then ſhe wears
Her richeſt Pearls, I mean thy Tears.

10 Not in the Evenings Eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a Face ſo fair.
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetneſs ſo ſad, ſadneſs ſo ſweet.

11 Sadneſs all the while
She ſits in ſuch a Throne as this,
Can do nought but ſmile,
Nor believes ſhe ſadneſs is:
Gladneſs it ſelf would be more glad
To be made ſo ſweetly ſad.

12 There is no need at all
That the Balſome-ſweating bough
So coyly ſhould let fall,
His med'cinable Tears; for now
Nature hath learn't t extract a Dew,
More Soveraign and Sweet from you.

13 Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the caſe of Woe,
Softly let them creep
Sad that they are vanquiſh't ſo,
They, though to others no relief,
May Balſome be for their own grief.

14 Golden though he be,
Golden *Tagus* murmurs though,

Might he flow from thee,
Content and quiet would he go;
Richer far does he eſteem
Thy Silver, then his Golden ſtream.

15 Well does the *May* that lies
Smiling in thy Cheeks, confeſs,
The *April* in thine Eyes,
Mutual ſweetneſs they expreſs.
No *April* e'r lent ſofter Showres,
Nor *May* returned fairer Flowers.

16 Thus doſt thou melt the year
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth here;
Takes his Tear and gets him gone;
By thine Eyes tinct enobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

17 Time as by thee he paſſes,
Makes thy ever-watry Eyes
His Hour-Glaſſes;
By them his ſteps he rectifies.
The Sands he us'd no longer pleaſe,
For his own Sands he'l uſe thy Seas.

18 Does thy Song lull the Air?
Thy Tears juſt Cadence ſtill keeps time,
Does thy ſweet breath'd *Prayer*
Up in clouds of incenſe climb?
Still at each ſigh, that is each ſtop:
A Bead, that is a Tear doth drop.

19 Does the Night ariſe?
Still thy Tears do fall, and fall.

Doc

Does night looſe her Eyes?
Still the Fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day do what they will,
Thou haſt thy Taske, thou weepeſt ſtill.

20 Not, ſo long ſhe liv'd,
Will thy Tomb report of thee,
But *ſo long ſhe griev'd,*
Thus muſt we date thy memory.
Others by Days, by Moneths, by Years
Meaſure their Ages, Thou by Tears.

21 Say watry Brothers
Ye ſimpering Sons of thoſe fair Eyes,
Your fertile Mothers.
What hath our World that can entice
You to be born? what is't can borrow
You from her Eyes ſwoln wombs of Sorrow.

22 Whither away ſo faſt?
O whither? for the ſluttiſh Earth
Your ſweetneſs cannot taſte,
Nor does the Duſt deſerve your Birth.
Whither haſte ye then? O ſay
Why ye trip ſo faſt away?

23 We go not to ſeek
The darlings of *Aurora*'s Bed,
The Roſes modeſt Cheek
Nor the Violets humble head.
No ſuch thing; we goe to meet
A worthier Object, *Our Lords* Feet.

The Tear.

1 WHat bright ſoft thing is this?
Sweet *Mary* thy fair Eyes expence?
A moiſt ſpark it is,
A watry Diamond; from whence
The very Term, I think, was found
The water of a *Diamond.*

2 O 'tis not a Tear,
'Tis a Star about to drop
From thine Eye its ſphear;
The Sun will ſtoop and take it up.
Proud will his Siſter be to wear
This thine Eyes Jewel in her Ear.

3 O 'tis a Tear,
Too true a Tear; for no ſad Eyne,
How ſad ſo e're,
Rain ſo true a Tear as thine;
Each Drop leaving a place ſo dear,
Weeps for it ſelf, is its own Tear.

4 Such a Pearl as this is,
(Slipt from *Aurora*'s dewy Breſt)
The Roſe-buds ſweet Lip kiſſes;
And ſuch the Roſe its ſelf when vext
With ungentle flames, does ſhed,
Sweating in too warm a Bed.

5 Such the Maiden Gemme
By the wanton Spring put on,
Peeps from her Parent ſtemme,
And bluſhes on the watry Sun:
This watry Bloſſome of thy Eyne
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

6 Fair Drop, why quak'ſt thou ſo?
'Cauſe thou ſtreight muſt lay thy Head
In the Duſt? O no;
The Duſt ſhall never be thy Bed:
A Pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with Down of Angels wing.

7 Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou muſt go)
Sweetly ſhalt thou lye,
And in ſoft ſlumbers bath thy Woe;
Till the ſinging Orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright *Chorus* make thee.

8 There thy ſelf ſhalt be
An Eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither th' hadſt rather there have ſhone
An Eye of Heaven; or ſtill ſhine here
In th' Heaven of *Mary*'s eye, a *Teare*.

Divine Epigrams.

On the water of our Lords Baptiſme.

EAch Bleſt Drop on each Bleſt Limb,
Is waſht it ſelf, in waſhing him:
'Tis a Gemme while it ſtays here;
While it falls hence 'tis a Tear.

Act. 8.

On the Baptized Æthiopian.

LEt it no longer be a forlorn-hope
To waſh an Ethiope:
He's waſht, his gloomy skin a peaceful ſhade
For his White Soul is made:
And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove,
A black-fac'd houſe will love.

On the Miracle of multiplied Loaves.

SEe here an eaſie Feaſt that knows no wound,
That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found
A ſubtle Harveſt of unbounded bread,
What would ye more? Here Food it ſelf is fed.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

HEre, where our Lord once laid his Head,
Now the Grave lies Buried.

The Widows Mites.

TWo Mites, two Drops, (yet all her Houſe and Land)
Falls from a ſteady Heart, though trembling Hand:
The others wanton wealth foams high, and brave,
The other caſt away, ſhe only gave.

Luke 15.

On the Prodigal.

TEll me bright Boy, tell me my Golden Lad,
Whither away ſo frolick? why ſo glad?
What all thy Wealth in Council? all thy State?
Are Husks ſo deer? troth 'tis a Mighty Rate.

On the ſtill ſurviving Marks of our Saviours Wounds.

WHat ever ſtory of their cruelty,
Or Nail, or Thorn, or Spear have writ in Thee,
Are in another Sence
Still Legible;
Sweet is the difference:
Once I did ſpell
Every red Letter
A wound of thine,
Now, (what is better)
Balſome for mine.

Act. 5.

The Sick implore St. Peter's *ſhadow.*

UNder thy ſhadow may I lurk a while,
Death's buſie ſearch I'll eaſily beguile:
Thy ſhadow *Peter*, muſt ſhew me the Sun,
My Light's thy ſhadow's ſhadow, or 'tis done.

Mar. 7.

The Dumb healed, and the People enjoyned ſilence.

CHriſt bids the dumb Tongue ſpeak, it ſpeaks, the ſound
He charges to be quiet, it runs round,
If in the firſt he us'd his fingers Touch:
His hands whole ſtrength here, could not be too much.

Mat. 28.

Come ſee the place where the Lord lay.

SHow me himſelf, himſelf (bright Sir) O ſhow
Which way my poor Tears to himſelf may go,
Were it enough to ſhow the place, and ſay,
Look, *Mary*, here ſee, where thy Lord once lay.
Then could I ſhow theſe Arms of mine, and ſay,
Look, *Mary*, here ſee, where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius *waſhing his hands.*

THy Hands are waſht, but O the water's ſpilt,
That labour'd to have waſht thy guilt:

The

The Flood, if any can that can ſuffice,
Muſt have its Fountain in thine Eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs.

GO ſmiling Souls, your new built Cages break,
In Heav'n you'l learn to ſing e'r here to ſpeak,
Nor let the milky Fonts that bath your Thirſt,
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence, is at the worſt
Milk all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

NOw Lord, or never, they'l beleeve on thee.
Thou to their Teeth haſt prov'd thy Deity.

Mark 4.

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?

AS if the ſtorm meant him;
Or 'cauſe Heavens face is dim,
His needs a Cloud,
Was ever froward wind
That could be ſo unkind,
Or wave ſo proud?
The Wind had need be angry, and the Water black,
That to the mighty *Neptune*'s ſelf dare threaten wrack.

There is no ſtorm but this
Of your own Cowardiſe

That

That braves you out;
You are the ſtorm that mocks
Your ſelves; you are the Rocks
Of your own doubt:
Beſides this fear of danger, there's no danger here,
And he that here fears Danger, does deſerve his Fear.

On the bleſſed Virgins baſhfulneſs.

THat on her Lap ſhe caſts her humble Eye,
'Tis the ſweet pride of her Humility.
The fair Star is well fixt, for where, O where
Could ſhe have fixt it on a fairer Sphear?
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n ſhe ſees, Heav'ns God there lies,
She can ſee Heaven, and ne'r lift up her Eyes:
This new Gueſt to her Eyes new Laws hath given,
'Twas once *look up*, 'Tis now *look down* to Heaven.

Upon Lazarus *his Tears.*

RIch *Lazarus*! richer in thoſe Gems, thy Tears,
Then *Dives* in the Robes he wears:
He ſcorns them now, but O they'l ſute full well
With th' Purple he muſt wear in Hell.

Two went up into the Temple to Pray.

TWo went to pray? O rather ſay
One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One ſtands up cloſe and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his Eye.

One neerer to Gods Altar trod,
The other to the Altar's God.

Upon the Asse that bore our Saviour.

HAth onely Anger an Omnipotence
In Eloquence?
Within the Lips of Love and Joy doth dwell
No Miracle?
Why else had *Balaams* Asse a Tongue to chide
His Masters Pride?
And thou (Heaven-burthen'd Beast) hast ne'r a word
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a Tongue and vocal Thunder,
Was a great wonder.
But O me-thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'st none.

Matt. 8.

I am not worthy that thou should'st come under my Roof.

THy God was making haste into thy Roof,
Thy humble Faith and Fear keeps him aloof:
He'l be thy Guest, because he may not be,
He'l come ——into thy house? no, into thee.

Upon the Powder-day.

HOw fit our well-rank'd Feasts do follow,
All mischief comes after *All-Hallow.*

I am the Door.

ANd now th'art set wide ope, the Spear's sad Art,
Lo! hath unlockt thee at the very Heart:

He

He to himſelf (I fear the worſt)
And his own hope
Hath *ſhut* theſe Doors of Heaven, that durſt
Thus ſet them *ope*.

Matt. 10.

The Blind Cured by the word of our Saviour.

THou ſpeak'ſt the Word (thy Word's a Law)
Thou Spak'ſt, and ſtreight the blind man ſaw.
To ſpeak and make the Blind man See,
Was never man Lord ſpake like Thee.
To ſpeak thus, was to ſpeak (ſay I)
Not to his Ear, but to his Eye.

Matthew 27.

And he anſwered them nothing.

O Mighty *Nothing!* unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be,
God ſpake once when he all things made,
He ſav'd All when he *Nothing* ſaid.
The World was made of *Nothing* then;
'Tis made by *Nothing* now again.

To our Lord, upon the Water made Wine.

THou Water turn'ſt to Wine (fair Friend of Life)
Thy Foe to croſs the ſweet Arts of thy Reign,
Diſtils from thence the Tears of Wrath and Strife,
And ſo turns Wine to Water back again.

Matt.

Matthew 22.

Neither durſt any man from that Day ask him any more Queſtions.

MIdſt all the dark and knotty Snares,
Black Wit or Malice can or dares,
Thy Glorious Wiſdom breaks the Nets,
And treads with uncontrouled ſteps.
Thy quel'd Foes are not only now
Thy Triumphs, but thy Trophies too:
They, both at once thy Conqueſts be,
And thy Conqueſts Memory.
Stony Amazement makes them ſtand
Waiting on thy Victorious hand,
Like Statues fixed to the Fame
Of thy renown, and their own ſhame:
As if they only meant to breath,
To be the Life of their own Death.
'Twas time to hold their Peace when they
Had ne'r another word to ſay:
Yet is their ſilence unto thee,
The full ſound of thy Victory:
Their ſilence ſpeaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd *Panegyris*.
While they ſpeak nothing, they ſpeak all
Their ſhare, in thy Memorial.
While they ſpeak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the ſhrilleſt Trump of Fame.
To hold their peace is all the ways,
Theſe Wretches have to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

Upon our Saviours Tomb wherein never man was laid.

HOw Life and Death in Thee
Agree?
Thou had'st a Virgin Womb
And Tomb.
A *Joseph* did betroth
Them both.

It is better to go into Heaven with one Eye, &c.

ONe Eye? a Thousand rather, and a Thousand more,
To fix those full-fac't Glories, O he's poor
Of Eyes that has but *Argus* store, (Thee,
Yet if thou'l't fill one poor Eye, with thy Heaven and
O grant (sweet Goodness) that one Eye may be
All, and every whit of me.

Luke 11.

Upon the dumb Devil cast out, and the slanderous Jews put to silence.

TWo Devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A *Speaking* Devil this, a *Dumb* one that;
Wa'st thy full Victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

Luk.

Luk. 10.

And a certain Priest comming that way looked on him and passed by.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye, (by
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwrack mine, for
Unmov'd to see one wretched, is to make him so. (O!

Luk. 11.

Blessed be the Paps which Thou hast sucked.

SUppose he had been Tabled at thy Teats,
Thy Hunger feels not what he Eats:
He'l have his Teat e'r long (a bloody one)
The Mother then must suck the Son.

To Pontius *washing his Blood-stained hands.*

IS Murther no sin? or a sin so cheap,
That thou need'st heap
A Rape upon't? till thy Adult'rous touch
Taught her these sulled Cheeks, this blubber'd Face,
She was a Nimph, the Meadows knew none such,
Of honest Parentage, of unstain'd Race,
The Daughter of a fair and well-fam'd Fountain
As ever Silver tipt, the side of shady Mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
Nothing but Tears;
Each drop's a Tear that weeps for her own wast;
Hark how at every touch she does complain her.
Hark how she bids her frighted Drops make haste;
And with sad Murmurs, chides the hands that stain her
Leave, leave, for shame, or else (Good judge) decree,
What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee

Matthew 23.

Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.

THou trim'st a Prophet's Tomb, and dost bequeath
The Life thou took'st from him unto his *Death*
Vain Man! the stones that on his Tomb do lie,
Keep but the score of them that made him die.

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

TO see both blended in one Flood,
The Mothers Milk, the Childrens Blood,
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather,
Roses hence, or *Lillies* rather.

Joh. 16.

Verily I say unto you, ye shall weep and lament.

WElcome my Grief, my Joy; how dear's
To me my Legacy of Tears!

'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
Thou, thou (Dear Lord) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou giveſt none.

Joh. 15.

Upon our Lords laſt comfortable Diſcourſe with his Diſciples.

ALl *Hybla*'s Honey, all that ſweetneſs can
Flows in thy Song (O fair, O dying Swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't ſmall or none;
It is too ſweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luk. 16.

Dives *asking a drop.*

A Drop, one drop, how ſweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my Pearl-tipt fingers top?
My Wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
Spare this one Jewel; I'll be *Dives* ſtill.

Mark. 12.

(*Give to* Cæſar ———)
(*And to God* ———)

ALl we have is God's, and yet
Cæſar challenges a Debt,
Nor hath God a thinner ſhare,
What ever *Cæſar*'s payments are;

All is God's, and yet 'tis true,
All we have is *Cæsar*'s too;
All is *Cæsar*'s, and what odds
So long as *Cæsar* self is Gods?

But now they have seen and hated.

SEen? and yet hated Thee? they did not see.
They saw Thee not, that saw, and hated Thee:
No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw ought in Thee that their Hate could move.

Upon the Crown of Thorns taken from our Blessed Lords Head all bloody.

KNow'st thou this Soldier? 'tis a much chang'd Plant (which ye
Thy Self didst set,
'Tis chang'd indeed, did *Autumn* e'r such Beauty's bring
To shame his Spring?
O! who so hard an Husbandman could ever find
A Soyl so kind
Is not the Soil a kind one (think ye) that returns
Roses for *Thorns*?

She began to wash his Feet with Tears and wipe them with the Hairs of her Head.

HEr Eyes Flood licks his Feets fair stain,
Her Hairs Flame licks up that again.
This Flame thus queneh'd hath brighter Beams:
This Flood thus stained fairer Streams.

On St. Peter *cutting off* Malchus *his Ear.*

WEll *Peter* doſt thou wield thy active Sword,
Well for thy ſelf (I mean) not for thy Lord.
To ſtrike at Ears, is to take heed there be
No witneſs, *Peter*, of thy Perjury.

Joh. 3.

But Men loved Darkneſs rather than Light.

THe Worlds Light ſhines, ſhine as it will,
The World will love its Darkneſs ſtill;
I doubt though, when the World's in Hell,
It will not love its darkneſs half ſo well.

Act. 21.

I am ready not onely to be Bound but to Dye.

COme death, come bands, nor do you ſhrink, my ears,
At thoſe hard words Mans Cowardiſe calls Fears,
Save thoſe of Fear,, no other Bands fear I;
Nor other Death then this; the fear to Die.

On St. Peter *caſting away his Nets at our Saviours Call.*

THou haſt the Art on't *Peter*, and canſt tell
To caſt thy Nets on all occaſions well.

When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee stay
To cast them Well's to cast them quite away.

Our Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

TO thee these First Fruits of my growing Death
(For what else is my life?) lo I bequeath.
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades here now, e'r long shall swim
The Flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
To drown the wantonness of his wild Thirst.
Now 's but the Nonage of my Pains, my Fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The Day of my dark Woes is yet but Morn,
My Tears but tender, and my Death new-born.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefs give fate some gues,
These Cradle-torments have their towardness.
These Purple buds of blooming Death may be,
Erst the full Stature of a fatal Tree.
And till my riper Woes to Age are come,
This Knife may be the Spears *Praludium.*

On the wounds of our crucified Lord.

O These wakeful Wounds of thine!
Are they Mouths? or are they Eyes?
Be they Mouthes, or be they Eyn,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo! a Mouth, whoſe full-bloom'd Lips
At too dear a rate are Roſes.
Lo! a blood-ſhot Eye! that weeps
And many a cruel Tear diſcloſes.

O thou that on this Foot haſt laid
Many a Kiſs, and many a Tear,
Now thou ſhalt have all repaid,
Whatſoe'r thy Charges were.

This Foot hath got a Mouth and Lips,
To pay the ſweet ſumme of thy Kiſſes:
To pay thy Tears, an Eye that weeps
Inſtead of Tears ſuch Gems as this is.

The difference onely this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The Debt is paid in *Ruby*-Tears,
Which thou in Pearls didſt lend.

On our crucified Lord Naked and Bloody.

TH' have left thee Naked Lord, O that they had;
This Garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thy ſelf they have too richly clad,
Opening the Purple Wardrobe of thy Side.
O never could be found Garments too good
For thee to wear, but theſe, of thine own Blood.

Eaſter-day.

RIſe, Heir of freſh Eternity,
From thy Virgin-Tomb:
Riſe Mighty man of Wonders, and thy world with thee

Thy Tomb, the universal East,
Natures new Womb,
Thy Tomb, fair Immortalities perfumed Nest,

Of all the Glories make Noon gay
This is the Morn.
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of day.
In Joyes white Annals live this hour,
When life was born,
No Cloud scoul on his radiant Lids, no Tempest lowre.

Life, by this Light's Nativity
All Creatures have.
Death onely by this days just Doom is forc't to dye,
Nor is Death forc't; for may he lye
Thron'd in thy Grave;
Death will on this condition be content to dye.

On the bleeding Wounds of our crucified Lord.

JEsu, no more, it is full Tide
From thy Hands and from thy Feet,
From thy Head, and from thy Side,
All thy *Purple Rivers* meet.

Thy restless Feet, they cannot go,
For us and our Eternal good
As they are wont, what though?
They Swim, alas, in their own Flood.

Thy Hand to give, thou canst not lift;
Yet will thy Hand still giving be;
It gives, but O it self's the Gift,
It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But Oh thy Side! thy deep dig'd Side
That hath a double *Nilus* going,
Nor ever was the *Pharian* Tide
Half so Fruitful, half so Flowing.

What need thy fair Head bear a part
In Tears? as if thine Eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thine Heart,
That strives in Torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showres they bring,
The Thorns that thy Blest Brows encloses
(A cruel and a costly Spring)
Conceive proud hopes of proving Roses.

Not a Hair but pays his River
To this *Red Sea* of thy Blood,
Their little Channels can deliver
Something to the general Flood.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the Rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong; there is but one,
But O that one is one all o're.

Rain-swoln Rivers may rise proud
Threatning all to overflow,
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

This thy Bloods deluge (a dire chance
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance,
A Deluge lest we should be drown'd.

Ne'r was't thou in a Sence so sadly True,
The Well of living Waters, Lord, till now.

Sampſon *to his* Dalilah.

COuld not once blinding me, Cruel, ſuffice?
When firſt I look't on thee, I loſt mine Eyes.

Pſalm, 23.

HAppy me! O haypy Sheep!
Whom my God vouchſafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to theſe ways of Bliſs;
On whoſe Paſtures cheerful Spring,
All the year doth ſit and Sing,
And rejoycing, ſmiles to ſee
Their Green Backs wear his Livery:
Pleaſure ſings my Soul to reſt,
Plenty wears me at her Breſt,
Whoſe ſweet Temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my Feet the blub'ring Mountain
Weeping, melts into a Fountain,
Whoſe ſoft ſilver-ſweating Streams
Make high Noon forget his Beams:
When my waiward Breath is flying,
He calls home my ſoul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid Grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my ſimple weakneſs ſtrays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my Shepheard) is my guide,
He's before me, on my ſide,
And behind me, he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:

He

He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary ſteps, and under
Spreads a Path clear as the Day,
Where no churliſh rub ſays nay
To my joy-conducted Feet,
Whilſt they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new laies
Tun'd to my great Sheapheards praiſe.
Come now all ye Terrors, Sally,
Muſter forth into the Valley,
Where Triumphant darkneſs hovers
With a ſable Wing, that covers
Brooding Horror. Come thou Death,
Let the damps of thy dull Breath
Overſhadow even the ſhade,
And make darkneſs ſelf afraid;
There my Feet, even there ſhall find
Way for a reſolved mind.
Still my Shepheard, ſtill my God
Thou art with me, Still thy Rod,
And thy Staff, whoſe influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whiſper of thy Word
Crown'd abundance ſpreads my Board:
While I Feaſt, my Foes do feed
Their rank Malice, not their Need,
So that with the ſelf-ſame Bread
They are Starv'd, and I am Fed.
How my Head in Ointment ſwims!
How my Cup o're-looks her brims!
So, even ſo ſtill may I move
By the Line of thy dear Love;
Still may thy ſweet Mercy ſpread
A ſhady Arm above my Head,

About my Paths, ſo ſhall I find
The fair Center of my mind.
Thy Temple, and thoſe Lovely walls
Bright ever with a Beam that falls
Freſh from the pure glance of thine Eye,
Lighting to Eternity.
There I'le dwell for ever, there
Will I find a purer Air,
To feed my Life with, there I'le ſup
Balme and Nectar in my Cup,
And thence my ripe Soul will I breath
Warm into the Arms of Death.

Pſalm 137.

ON the proud Banks of great *Euphrates* Flood,
There we ſate, and there we wept:
Our Harps that now no Muſick underſtood,
Nodding on the Willows ſlept,
While unhappy captiv'd we
Lovely *Sion* thought on thee.

They, they that ſnatcht us from our Countreys Breſt
Would have a Song carv'd to their Ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel Jeſt!)
When Harps and Hearts were drown'd in Tears:
Come, they cry'd, come Sing and Play
One of *Sions* Songs to day.

Sing? Play? to whom (ah) ſhall we Sing or Play
If not *Jeruſalem* to thee?
Ah thee *Jeruſalem*? ah ſooner may
This Hand forget the Maſtery
Of Muſicks dainty touch, then I
The Muſick of thy Memory.

Which

Which when I lose, O may at once my Tongue
Lose this same busie speaking Art
Unpearcht, her vocal Arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my Heart,
On my dry Pallats roof to rest
A wither'd Leaf, an idle Guest.

No, no, thy good, *Sion*, alone must Crown
The head of all my hope-hurlt joyes.
But E*dom* cruel thoul thou cry'dst down, down
Sink *Sion*, down and never rise,
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into Dust.

Dost laugh? proud *Babels* Daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruine teach thee Tears,
Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes too late doe rouze thy fears.
Laugh till thy Childrens bleeding Bones
Weep precious Tears upon the stones.

Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.

A Hymn of the Nativity, sung by the Shepheards.

Chorus. COme we Shepheards who have seen
Days King deposed by Nights Queen.
Come lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He in this our general Joy,
Slept, and Dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out the fair-ey'd Boy,
And kist the Cradle of our King;

Tell

Tell him he riſes now too late,
To ſhew us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can ſhew him more
Then he e'r ſhew'd to Mortal ſight,
Then he himſelf e'r ſaw before,
Which to be ſeen needs not his Light:
Tell him *Tityrus* where th' haſt been,
Tell him *Thyrſis* what th' haſt ſeen.

Tityrus. Gloomy Night, embrac't the place
Where the Noble Infant lay:
The Babe lookt up, and ſhew'd his Face,
In ſpight of Darkneſs it was Day.
It was thy Day, Sweet, and did riſe,
Not from the *Eaſt*, but from thy Eyes.

Thyrſis. Winter chid the World, and ſent
The angry *North* to wage his Wars:
The *North* forgot his fierce intent,
And left Perfumes inſtead of Scars:
By thoſe ſweet Eyes perſuaſive Powers,
Where he meant Froſts, he ſcattered Flowers.

Both. We ſaw thee in thy Balmy-Neſt,
Bright Dawn of our *Eternal Day*;
We ſaw thine Eyes break from the *Eaſt*,
And chaſe the trembling Shades away:
We ſaw thee (and we bleſt the ſight)
We ſaw thee by thine own ſweet Light.

Tityrus. I ſaw the curl'd Drops, ſoft and ſlow
Come hovering o'r the places head,
Offring their whiteſt ſheets of Snow,
To furniſh the fair Infants Bed.

Forbear

Forbear (said I) be not too bold,
Your Fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrsis. I saw th' Officious Angels bring,
The Down that their soft Brests did strow,
For well they now can spare their Wings,
When Heaven it self lies here below,
Fair Youth, (said I) be not too rough,
Your Down though soft's not soft enough.

Tityrus. The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
Where to lay his Lovely Head,
But streight his Eyes advis'd his Cheek,
'Twixt Mothers Brests to goe to Bed.
Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in Snow.

All. Welcome to our wondring sight
Eternity shut in a Span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!
Chorus. Heaven in Earth! and God in Man!
Great little one, whose Glorious Birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to Gold, nor Silk,
To more then *Cesar*'s Birth-right is.
Two Sister-Seas of Virgins Milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd Kiss,
That Breaths at once both Maid and Mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy Tears asleep, and dips
Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,
She spreads the red Leaves of thy Lips,
That in their Buds yet Blushing lye.

She

She 'gainst those Mother-Diamonds tryes
The points of her young Eagles Eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay Flies
Gilded i' th' Beams of Earthly Kings
Slippery Souls in smiling Eyes)
But to poor Shepheards, simple things,
That use no Varnish, no oyl'd Arts,
But lift clean Hands full of cleer Hearts.

Yet when young *April* Husband Showers,
Shall Bless the fruitful *Maia*'s Bed,
We'l bring the first-born of her Flowers,
To Kiss thy Feet, and Crown thy Head.
To thee (Dread Lamb,) whose Love must keep
The Shepheards, while they feed their Sheep.

To thee meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves,
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver Doves.
At last, in fire of thy fair Eyes,
We'l burn our own best Sacrifice.

Soſpetto d' Herode.

Libro Primo.

Argomento.

Caſting the times with their ſtrong ſignes,
Death's Maſter his own his own death Divines;
Strugling for Help, his beſt Hope is,
Herod's *ſuſpition may heal his;*
Therefore he ſends a Fiend to make,
The ſleeping Tyrants fond miſtake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whoſe Birth
Mean's Heav'n, ſhould meddle with his Earth.

1

MUſe, now the ſervant of ſoft Loves no more,
Hate is thy Theame, and *Herod*, whoſe unbleſt
Hand (ſo what dares not jealous Greatneſs?) tore
A thouſand ſweet Babes from their Mothers Breſt,
The Blooms of Martydome. O be a Door
Of Language to my Infant Lips, ye beſt
Of Confeſſors: whoſe Throats anſwering his ſwords,
Gave forth your Blood for Breath, ſpoke Souls for (Words.

2

Great *Anthony* ! *Spains* well-beſeeming pride,
Thou Mighty Branch of Emperours and Kings,
The Beauties of whoſe dawn what Eye can may bide
Which with the Sun himſelf weighs equal Wings,
Mapp of Heroick worth ! whom far and wide
To the beleeving World Fame boldly ſings :
Deign thou to wear this humble Wreath that bowes
To be the ſacred Honour of thy Brows.

3.

Nor needs my Muſe a Bluſh, or theſe bright Flow'rs
Other then what their own bleſt Beauties bring,
They were the ſmiling Sons of thoſe ſweet Bow'rs,
That drink the Dew of Life, whoſe deathleſs Spring
Nor *Sirian* Flame, nor *Boreas* Froſt deflow'rs :
From whence Heav'n-labouring Bees with buſie wing
Suck hidden Sweets, which well digeſted proves
Immortal Honey for the Hive of Loves.

4.

Thou, whoſe ſtrong Hand with ſo tranſcendent worth
Holds high the Rein of fair *Parthenope*,
That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
A Name in Noble Deeds Rival to thee !
Thy Fames full noiſe, makes proud the patient Earth,
Far more then Matter for my Muſe and me.
The *Tyrrhene* Seas and Shores ſound all the ſame,
And in their Murmures keep thy Mighty Name.

5. Belo

5.

Below the bottom of the great *Abysse*,
There where one Center reconciles all things,
The Worlds profound Heart pants; there placed is
Mischiefs old Master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kiss
His correspondent Cheeks: these loathsome Strings
Hold the perverse Prince in Eternal Ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the Skies.

6.

The Judge of Torments, and the King of Tears:
He fills a burnisht Throane of quenchless fire:
And for his old fair Robes of Light, he wears
A gloomy Mantle of dark Flames, the Tire
That Crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where seav'n-tall Horns (his Empires pride) aspire.
And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horn
Seav'n Crested *Hydra's* horribly adorn.

7.

His Eyes the sullen Dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull Air with a dismal Red:
Such his fell Glances as the fatal Light
Of staring Comets, that look Kingdoms dead.
From his black Nostrils, and blew Lips, in spight
Of Hells own stink, a worser stench is spread.
His Breath Hells Lightning is: and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n Thunders alone.

8.

His Flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful Pile gives fiery Breath;
Whose unconsum'd Consumption preys upon
The never-dying Life, of a long death.
In this sad House of slow Destruction,
(His shop of Flames) he fries himself, beneath
A mass of Woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,
While his Steel sides sound with with his Tails stro
(las

9.

Three Rigorous Virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the Throne of th' Iron-Sceptered King:
With whips of Thorns and knotty Vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank Thoughts need a sting
Their Locks are Beds of uncomb'd Snakes that wind
About their shady Brows in wanton Rings.
Thus Reigns the wrathful King, and while he Reign
His Scepter and himself both he disdains.

10.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold Sin cost
Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes?
How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd and crost
The Glories that did Guild thee in thy Rise?
Proud Morning of a perverse Day! how lost
Art thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
Narcissus? foolish *Phæton*? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a Flaming fa

11.

From Death's ſad ſhades to the Life-breathing Air,
This mortal Enemy to Mankinds good,
Lifts his malignant Eyes, waſted with care,
To become Beautiful in humane Blood.
Where *Jordan* melts his Chryſtal, to make fair
The Fields of *Paleſtine*, with ſo pure a Flood,
There does he fix his Eyes: and there Detect
New matter, to make good his great ſuſpect.

12.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what ſpark
Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deep Thought he revolves the Dark
Sibills Divining Leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old Propheſies, trembling to mark
How many preſent Prodigies conſpire,
To Crown their paſt Predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

13.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he ſaw
To a poor *Galilean* Virgin ſent:
How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal Flow'rs to her fair Hand preſent.
He ſaw th' old *Hebrews* womb, neglect the Law
Of Age and Barrenneſs, and her Babe prevent
His Birth, by his Devotion, who began
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

14.

He saw Rich Nectar Thaws, release the Rigor
Of th' Icy *North*, from Frost-bound *Atlas* hands
His Adamantine Fetters fall: green Vigor
Gladding the *Scythian* Rocks and *Libian* Sands.
He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
Winters sad Face, and through the flowry Lands
Of fair *Englands* Honey-sweating Fountains (tain
With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Mou

15.

He saw how in that Blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a Dawn of Angels with new Light
Amaz'd the midnight World, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not, Mad with Spig
He markt how the poor Shepheards ran to pay
Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
Was the great Business both of Heav'n and Eart

16.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the Ruby Portals of the *East*.
He saw the Temple Sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Breast.
He saw the falling Idols, all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the Nest
Of pois'nous and unnatural Loves, Earth-nurst;
Toucht with the Worlds true *Antidote* to burst.

17. H

17.

He saw Heav'n Blossome with a new-born Light,
On which, as on a Glorious stranger gaz'd
The Golden Eyes of Night; whose Beam made Bright
The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night,
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd
Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went
Westward to find the Worlds true *Orient*.

18.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him,
Fain would he have forgot what fatal Strings,
Eternally bind each rebellious Limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spatious Wings;
Which like two bosom'd Sails embrace the dimme
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong Chain.

19.

While thus Heav'ns highest Counsails, by the low
Foot-steps of their Effects he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled Eyes, Embers that glow
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foul Claws he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
And gave a gastly shreek, whose horrid Yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted Tail he gnaw'd for spight.

20. Yet

20.

Yet on the other ſide fain would he ſtart
Above his Fears, and think it cannot be:
He ſtudies Scripture, ſtrives to ſound the heart,
And feel the Pulſe of every Prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what Art)
The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to ſee
A Mighty Babe, whoſe pure, unſpotted Birth,
From a chaſte Virgin womb ſhould bleſs the Earth.

21.

But theſe vaſt Myſteries his Senſes ſmother,
And Reaſon (for what's Faith to him?) devour,
How ſhe that is a Maid ſhould prove a Mother,
Yet keep inviolate her Virgin Flow'r;
How Gods Eternal Son ſhould be mans Brother,
Poſeth his proudeſt Intellectual Pow'r;
How a pure Spirit ſhould incarnate be,
And Life it ſelf wear Death's frail Livery.

22.

That the Great Angel-blinding Light ſhould ſhrink
His Blaze, to ſhine in a poor Shepheards Eye;
That the unmeaſur'd God ſo low ſhould ſink,
As Pris'ner in a few poor Rags to lie;
That from his Mothers Breſt he Milk ſhould drink,
Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns fair Family;
That a vile Manger his low Bed ſhould prove,
Who in a Throne of Stars Thunders above;

23. That

23.

That he whom the Sun ſerves ſhould faintly peep
Through Clouds of Infant fleſh: that he the old
Eternal Word ſhould be a Child, and weep:
That he who made the Fire ſhould fear the Cold:
That Heav'ns high Majeſty his Court ſhould keep
In a Clay-cottage, by each Blaſt control'd:
That Glories ſelf ſhould ſerve our Griefs and Fears:
And free Eternity ſubmit to years:

24.

And further, that the Law's Eternal Giver,
Should bleed in his own Law's obedience:
And to the circumciſing Knife deliver
Himſelf, the forfeit of his Slaves offence:
That the unblemiſht Lamb, bleſſed for ever,
Should take the mark of Sin, and pain of Sence:
Theſe are the knotty Riddles, whoſe dark doubt
Intangles his loſt Thoughts, paſt getting out.

25.

While new Thoughts boyl'd in his enraged Breſt,
His gloomy Boſomes darkeſt Character,
Was in his ſhady Forehead ſeen expreſt.
The Forehead's ſhade in Griefs expreſſion there,
Is what in ſign of joy among the bleſt
The Faces lightning, or a ſmile is here.
Thoſe ſtings of care that his ſtrong Heart oppreſt,
A deſperate, *Oh me*, drew from his deep Breſt.

26.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he) *Oh me!* what great
Portents before mine Eyes their Powers advance?
And ſerves my purer ſight, only to beat
Down my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?
Frown I; and can great Nature keep her ſeat?
And the gay Stars lead on their Golden dance?
Can his attempts above ſtill proſp'rous be,
Auſpicious ſtill, in ſpight of Hell and me?

27.

He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whoſe bright
And radiant Scepter this bold Hand ſhould bear,
And for the never-fading Fields of Light,
My fair Inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark Houſe of ſhades, Horrour, and Night,
To draw a long-liv'd Death, where all my Cheer
Is the ſolemnity my ſorrow wears,
That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Tears.

28.

Dark, dusky Man, he needs would ſingle forth,
To make the partner of his own pure Ray:
And ſhould we Pow'rs of Heav'n, Spirits of worth,
Bow our bright Heads before a King of Clay?
It ſhall not be, ſaid I, and clomb the *North*,
Where never wing of *Angel* yet made way
What though I miſt my blow? yet I ſtrook high,
And to dare ſomething is ſome victory.

29.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?
Vile Humane Nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despight!) with his Divinest Glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his Brest,
With his fair Triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright Arms of Heav'n rebuk these Eyes?
Mock me, and dazle my dark Mysteries?

30.

Art thou not *Lucifer*? he to whom the droves
Of Stars, that guild the Morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the Lightning-winged Loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what Pomp the Mistress Planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven;
Such, and so rich, the Flames that from thine Eyes,
Oppress the common-people of the Skies.

31.

Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy Eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new Miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathize;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32. And

32.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
My self? my Strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, *Heav'n*, *Earth*, what e'r dost boast
A borrowed Being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

33.

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,
His foul Hags rais'd their Heads, and clapt their Hands;
And all the Powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their Snakes and tost their Flaming Brands.
We (said the horrid Sisters) wait thy Laws,
Th' obsequious Handmaids of thy high Commands,
Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay,
On us thy dread Commands, ours to obey.

34.

What thy *Alecto*, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty Kingdoms thou art driven:
Let Heav'ns Lord chide above louder then thou
In language of his Thunder, thou art even
With him below: here thou art Lord alone
Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

35.

If usual Wit and Strength will do no good,
Vertues of Stones, nor Herbs: use stronger Charms,
Anger, and Love, best hooks of Humane blood:
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest Arms,
And pouring on Heav'ns Face the Seas huge Flood,
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our Alarms
Ruine, where e'r she sleeps at Natures feet;
And crush the World till his wide corners meet.

36.

Reply'd the proud King, O my Crowns defence?
Stay of whose strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted Stars took faint experience,
When 'gainst the Thunders mouth we marched forth:
Still you are prodigal of your Love's expence
In our great Projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

37.

Fourth of the curst knot of Hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hells shop of slaughter she do's oversee,
And still assist the Execution:
But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
Where Hells capacious Cauldron is set on:
And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth o're-

38.

Thrice howl'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the ſound
Thundring upon the Banks of thoſe black Lakes
Rung, through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At laſt her liſtning Ears the noiſe o'rtakes,
She lifts her ſooty Lamps, and looking round
A gen'ral hiſs, from the whole Tire of Snakes
Rebounding, through Hells inmoſt Caverns came,
In anſwer to her formidable Name.

39.

'Mongſt all the Palaces in Hells Command,
No one ſo mercileſs as this of hers.
The Adamantine Doors, for ever ſtand
Impenetrable, both to Pray'rs and Tears,
The Walls inexorable Steel, no hand
Of *Time* or Teeth of hungry *Rhine* fears.
Their ugly Ornaments are the bloody ſtains,
Of ragged Limbs, torn Sculls, and daſht out Brains.

40.

There has the Purple *Vengeance* a proud ſeat,
Whoſe ever-brandiſht Sword is ſheath'd in blood:
About her *Hate*, *Wrath*, *Warre*, and *Slaughter* ſweat,
Bathing their hot Limbs in Life's precious Flood.
There rude impetuous Rage do's ſtorm, and fret:
And there, as Maſter of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge Sith, ſtands impartial *Death*,
With endleſs buſineſs almoſt out of Breath.

41. For

41.

For Hangings and for Curtains, all along
The Walls, (abominable Ornaments!)
Are Tools of Wrath, Anvils of Torments hung:
Fell Executioners of foul intents,
Nails, Hammers, Hatchets sharp, and Halters strong,
Swords, Spears, with all the fatal instruments
Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of Brothers mutual Blood, and Fathers Brains.

42.

The Tables furnisht with a cursed Feast,
Which *Harpyes* with lean *Famine* feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane *Erisichthon* too makes one;
Tantalus, *Atreus*, *Progne*, here are Guests:
Wolvish *Lycaon* here a place hath won.
The Cup they drink in is *Medusa*'s Scull,
Which mixt with Gall and Blood they quaff brim full.

43.

The foul Queen's most abhorred Maids of Honour,
Medæa, *Jezabel*, many a meagre Witch
With *Circe*, *Scylla*, stand to wait upon her;
But her best Huswives are the *Parcæ*, which
Still work for her, and have their Wages from her;
They prick a bleeding Heart at every stitch.
Her cruel Clothes of costly Threds they Weave,
Which short-cut Lives of murdered infants Leave.

44. The

44.

The House is hers'd about with a black Wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed Tree:
Each Flower's a Pregnant poyson, try'd and good:
Each Herb a Plague: The Winds sighs timed be
By a black Fount, which weeps into a Flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, *Cyclopses*, with a dark drove
Of *Dragons*, *Hydraes*, *Sphinxes*, fill the Grove.

45.

Here *Diomed*'s Horses, *Phereus* Dogs appear,
With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*;
Busiris ha's his bloody Altar here,
Here *Sylla* his severest prison has;
The *Lestrigonians* here their Table rear;
Here strong *Procrustes* plants his Bed of Brass;
Here cruel *Scyron* boasts his bloody Rocks,
And hateful *Schinas* his so feared Oaks.

46.

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantastick frames
Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew;
Phalaris, *Ochus*, *Ezelinus*, names
Mighty in Mischief, with dread *Nero* too,
Here are they all, here all the Swords or Flames
Assyrian Tyrants, or *Egyptian* knew.
Such was the House, so furnisht was the Hall,
Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer'd *Pluto*'s call.

47. Scarce

47.

Scarce to this Monſter could the ſhady King,
The horrid ſumme of his intentions tell;
But ſhe (ſwift as the momentary wing
Of Lightning, or the words he ſpoke) left Hell:
She roſe, and with her to our World did bring,
Pale proof of her fell preſence, th' Air too well
With a chang'd Countenance witneſs'd the Fight
And poor Fowls intercepted in their Flight.

48.

Heav'n ſaw her riſe, and ſaw Hell in the ſight.
The Fields fair Eyes ſaw her, and ſaw no more
But ſhut their flowry Lids for ever Night,
And Winter ſtrow her way; yea, ſuch a ſore
Is ſhe to Nature, that a general fright,
An univerſal Palſie ſpreading o're
The face of things, from her dire Eyes had run,
Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun.

49.

Now had the Nights Companion from her Den,
Where all the buſie day ſhe cloſe doth lye,
With her ſoft wing, wip't from the brows of men
Day's ſweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,
And ſweet oppreſſion, kindly cheating them
Of all their Cares, tam'd the rebellious Eye
Of ſorrow, with a ſoft and Downy hand,
Sealing all Breſts in a *Lethæan* band.

50.

When the *Erynnis* her black Pineons ſpread,
And came to *Bethlem* where the cruel King
Had now retir'd himſelf, and borrowed
His Breſt a while from care's unquiet ſting.
Such as at *Thebes* dire Feaſt ſhe ſhew'd her head,
Her Sulphur-breathed Torches brandiſhing,
Such to the frighted Palace now ſhe comes,
And with ſoft feet ſearches the ſilent Rooms.

51.

By *Herod* ——————now was born
The Scepter, which of old great *David* ſwaid.
Whoſe Right by *David*'s linage ſo long worn,
Himſelf a ſtranger to, his own had made:
And from the head of *Judahs* houſe quite torn
The Crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A ſad yoak, under which they ſigh'd in vain,
And looking on their loſt ſtate ſigh'd again.

52.

Up through the ſpacious Palace paſſed ſhe,
To where the Kings proudly-repoſed head
(If any can be ſoft to *Tyranny*
And ſelf-tormenting ſin) had a ſoft bed.
She thinks not fit ſuch he her face ſhould ſee,
As it is ſeen by Hell; and ſeen with dread:
To change her face's ſtile ſhe doth deviſe,
And in a pale Ghoſt's ſhape to ſpare his Eyes.

53.

Her ſelf a while ſhe lays aſide, and makes
Ready to perſonate a mortal part.
Joſeph the King's dead Brother's ſhape ſhe takes,
What he by Nature was, is ſhe by Art,
She comes to th' King, and with her cold hand ſlakes
His Spirits, the ſparks of Life, and chills his Heart,
Lifes forge; fain'd is her voice, and falſe too be
Her words, *Sleep'ſt thou fond man?* Sleep'ſt thou? ſaid (ſhe.

54.

So ſleeps a Pilot whoſe poor Bark is preſt
With many a mercyleſs o'r-maſtring Wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful Winds conteſt,
Which of them deep'ſt ſhall dig her watry Grave.
Why doſt thou let thy brave ſoul lie ſuppreſt
In Death-like ſlumbers, while thy dangers crave
A waking Eye and Hand? look up and ſee
The Fates ripe, in their great Conſpiracy.

55.

Know'ſt thou not how of th' *Hebrew's* Royal ſtemme
(That old dry ſtock) a deſpair'd Branch is ſprung
A moſt ſtrange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected Stable lies, among
Beaſts and baſe Straw: already is the ſtream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful Rebels this their young
Maſter (with voice free as the Trump of *Fame*)
Their new King, and thy Succeſſor proclaim.

56.

What buſie Motions, what wild Engines ſtand
On tiptoe in their giddy Brains? th' have fire
Already in their Boſomes; and their hand
Already reaches at a ſword: they hire
Poyſons to ſpeed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveal what they conſpire?
Go now, make much of theſe; wage ſtill their wars,
And bring home on thy Breſt more thankleſs ſcars.

57.

Why did I ſpend my Life, and ſpill my Blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might ſuſtain
A well-pois'd Scepter? does it now ſeem good
Thy Brothers blood be-ſpilt life ſpent in vain?
'Gainſt thy own Sons and Brothers thou haſt ſtood
In Arms, when leſſer cauſe was to complain:
And now 'croſs Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'ſt thou be careleſs now, now can'ſt thou ſleep?

58.

Where art thou Man? what cowardly miſtake
Of thy great ſelf, hath ſtoln King *Herod* from thee?
O call thy ſelf home to thy ſelf, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging ſword Heav'n throws upon thee.
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouſe thee, and ſhake
Thy ſelf into a ſhape that may become thee.
Be *Herod*, and thou ſhalt not miſs from me
Immortall ſtings to thy great Thoughts, and thee.

59.

So ſaid, her richeſt Snake, which to her Wriſt
For a beſeeming Bracelet ſhe had ty'd
(A ſpecial Worm it was as ever kiſt
The foamy Lips of *Cerberus*) ſhe apply'd
To the Kings Heart, the Snake no ſooner hiſt,
But Vertue heard it, and away ſhe hy'd,
Dire Flames diffuſe themſelves through every vein,
This done, home to her Hell ſhe hy'd amain.

60.

He wakes, and with him (ne'r to ſleep) new fears:
His Sweat-bedewed Bed had now betrai'd him,
To a vaſt field of Thorns, ten thouſand Spears
All pointed in his Heart ſeem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing Characters
With which his feeling Dream had thus diſmai'd him,
He his own fancy-framed Foes defies:
In Rage, *My Arms, give me my Arms*, he crys.

61.

As when a Pile of Food-preparing fire,
The Breath of artificial Lungs embraves,
The Caldron-priſon'd waters ſtreight conſpire,
And beat the hot Braſs with rebellious waves?
He murmures and rebukes their bold deſire;
Th' impatient Liquor, frets, and foams, and raves;
Till his o'rflowing pride ſuppreſs the Flame,
Whence all his high ſpirits, and hot courage came.

62.

So boils the fired *Herod's* blood-ſwoln Breſt,
Not to be ſlak'd but by a Sea of Blood.
His faithleſs Crown he feels looſe on his Creſt,
Which on falſe Tyrants Head ne'r firmly ſtood.
The Worm of jealous Envy and unreſt,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing Food
Makes him impatient of the lingring Light,
Hate the ſweet peace of all-compoſing Night.

63.

A Thouſand Prophecies that talk ſtrange things,
Had ſown of old theſe doubts in his deep Breſt;
And now of late came Tributary Kings,
Bringing him nothing but new Fears from th' *Eaſt*,
More deep ſuſpicions, and more deadly ſtings.
With which his Feav'rous Cares their cold increaſt
And now his dream (hells firebrand) ſtill more bright
Shew'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the ſight.

64.

No ſooner therefore ſhall the morning ſee
(Night hangs yet heavy on the Lids of day)
But all his Counſellours muſt ſummon'd be,
To meet their troubled Lord: without delay
Heralds and Meſſengers immediately
Are ſent about, who poaſting every way
To th'Heads and Officers of every Band;
Declare who ſends, and what is his Command.

65. Wh

65.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
Thy Blood-revolving Breſt to Rage doth move?
Heav'ns King, who doffs himſelf weak fleſh to wear,
Comes not to rule in Wrath, but ſerve in Love:
Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Tear,
But give thee a better with himſelf above.
Poor jealouſie! why ſhould he wiſh to prey
Upon thy Crown, who gives his own away.

66.

Make to thy reaſon Man; and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy Fears their Cauſes are;
Thou art a ſoldier *Herod*, ſend thy Scouts
See how he's furniſh't for ſo fear'd a War.
What Armour does he wear? a few thin Clouts.
His Trumpets? tender crys: his men to dare
So much? rude Shepheards. What his Steeds? alas
Poor Beaſts! a ſlow Oxe, and a ſimple Aſſe.

Il fine del Libro primo.

On a Prayer Book ſent to Mrs. M. R.

LO here a little Volume, but great Book,
(Fear it not, ſweet,
It is no Hypocrit)
Much larger in it ſelf, then in its look.

It is in one rich Handful, Heaven and all
Heavens Royal Hoſts incampt, thus ſmall;
To prove that true Schools uſe to tell,
A thouſand Angels in one point can dwell.

It is Loves great Artillery,
Which here contracts it ſelf and comes to lye
Cloſe coucht in your white Boſome, and from thence
As from a ſnowy Fortreſs of defence
Againſt the ghoſtly Foe to take your part:
And fortify the Hold of your chaſte heart.

It is the Armory of Light,
Let conſtant Uſe but keep it bright,
You'l find it yields
To Holy Hands and Humble Hearts,
More Swords and Shields
Then Sin hath Snares, or Hell hath Darts.

Only be ſure,
The Hands be pure,
That hold theſe Weapons and the Eyes
Thoſe of Turtles, Chaſte, and True,
Wakeful, and Wiſe.
Here is a Friend ſhall fight for you,

Hold

Hold but this Book before your Heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.

But O', the Heart
That ſtudies this high Art,
Muſt be a ſure Houſe-keeper,
And yet no ſleeper.

Dear Soul be ſtrong,
Mercy will come e'r long,
And bring her Boſome full of Bleſſings,
Flowers of never fading Graces;
To make immortal dreſſings
For worthy Souls whoſe wiſe embraces
Store up themſelves for him, who is alone
The ſpouſe of Virgins, and the Virgins Son.

But if the Noble Bridegroom when he comes
Shall find the wandring heart from home,
Leaving her Chaſte abode,
To gad abroad:
Amongſt the gay Mates of the god of Flies
To take her pleaſures, and to play
And keep the Devils Holy day;
To dance in the Sun-ſhine of ſome ſmiling
but beguiling.

Spear of Sweet and Sugered Lies,
Some ſlipery pair,
Of Falſe perhaps as Fair
Flattering but forſwearing Eyes.

Doubtleſs ſome other Heart
Will get the ſtart,

And ſtepping in before,
Will take poſſeſſion of the Sacred ſtore
Of hidden Sweets, and holy Joyes,
Words which are not heard with Ears,
(Theſe tumultous ſhops of noiſe)
Effectual whiſpers whoſe ſtill voice,
The Soul it ſelf more feels then hears.

Amorous Languiſhments, Luminous Trances,
Sights which are not ſeen with Eyes,
Spiritual and Soul piercing Glances:
Whoſe Pure and Subtle Lightning, flies
Home to the Heart and ſets the Houſe on fire;
And melts it down in ſweet deſire:
Yet doth not ſtay
To ask the Windows leave, to paſs that way.

Delicious Deaths, ſoft Exhalations
Of Soul; Dear, and Divine annihilations;
A thouſand unknown Rites
Of Joys, and rarified Delights.

An hundred thouſand Loves and Graces,
And many a miſtick thing,
Which the Divine embraces
Of the dear ſpouſe of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no ſhame,
That dull Mortality muſt not know a Name.

Of all this hidden ſtore
Of Bleſſings, and ten thouſand more;
If when he come
He find the Heart from home,
Doubtleſs he will unload

Him.

Himſelf ſome otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious Sweets,
On the fair Soul whom firſt he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O happy and thrice happy ſhe
Dear Silver-breſted Dove
Who ere ſhe be,
Whoſe early Love
With winged Vowes,
Makes haſte to meet her morning Spouſe:
And cloſe with his immortal kiſſes,
Happy Soul who never miſſes,
To improve that precious hour:
And every day,
Seize her ſweet Prey;
All freſh and fragrant as he riſes,
Dropping with a Balmy ſhowr
A delicious dew of Spices.

O let that happy Soul hold faſt
Her Heavenly Armful, ſhe ſhall taſte
At once ten thouſand Paradiſes,
She ſhall have power,
To Rifle and Deflower
The rich and roſeal Spring of thoſe rare ſweets,
Which with a ſwelling Boſome there ſhe meets,
Boundleſs and infinite, bottomleſs Treaſures
Of pure inebriating pleaſures,
Happy ſoul ſhe ſhall diſcover,
What joy, what bliſs,
How many Heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her Lover.

On Mr, G. Herbert's *Book, entituled,* The Temple of Sacred Poems, *ſent to a Gentlewoman.*

KNow you Fair, on what you look?
Divineſt Love lies in this Book:
Expecting Fire from your Eyes,
To kindle this his Sacrifice.
When your Hands unty theſe ſtrings,
Think you've an Angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy Air,
Of your well perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white Plumes of his Hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will ſend you:
To take acquaintance of the Sphear,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herberts* Name do owe
Theſe Devotions, faireſt; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint TERESA, *Foundreſs of the Reformation of the Diſcalced Carmelites, both Men and Women; a Woman for Angelical heighth of ſpeculation, for Maſculine courage of performance, more then a Woman; who yet a Child, out ran Maturity, and durſt plot a Martyrdom.*

LOve thou art abſolute, ſole Lord
Of Life and Death—To prove the Word,
We need to go to none of all
Thoſe thy old ſoldiers, ſtout and tall
Ripe and full grown, that could reach down,
With ſtrong Arms their Triumphant Crown:
Such as could with luſty breath,
Speak loud unto the face of Death
Their great Lords glorious Name, to none
Of thoſe whoſe large Breſts built a Throne
For Love their Lord, glorious and great,
We'll ſee him take a private ſeat,
And make his Manſion in the milde
And milky Soul of a ſoft Child.

Scarce had ſhe learnt to Liſp a name
Of Martyr, yet ſhe thinks it ſhame
Life ſhould ſo long play with that Breath,
Which ſpent can buy ſo brave a Death.

She never undertook to know,
What Death with Love ſhould have to doe.

Nor

Nor hath ſhe e'r yet underſtood,
Why to ſhow Love ſhe ſhould ſhed Blood;
Yet though ſhe cannot tell you why,
She can Love and ſhe can Dye.
Scarce had ſhe Blood enough, to make
A guilty Sword bluſh for her ſake;
Yet has ſhe a heart dares hope to prove,
How much leſs ſtrong is Death then Love.

Be love but there, let poor ſix years,
Be poſ'd with the matureſt Fears
Man trembles at, we ſtraight ſhall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the Mind.
'Tis Love, not Years, or Limbs, that can
Make the Martyr or the Man.
Love toucht her Heart, and loe it beats
High, and burns with ſuch brave heats:
Such thirſt to die, as dare drink up
A thouſand cold Deaths in one Cup:
Good reaſon, for ſhe breaths all fire,
Her weak Breſt heaves with ſtrong deſire,
Of what ſhe may with fruitleſs wiſhes
Seek for, amongſt her Mothers Kiſſes.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel to a Martyrdome.
No home for her confeſſes ſhe,
But where ſhe may a Martyr be,
She'll to the Moors, and Trade with them,
For this unvalued Diadem;
She offers them her deareſt Breath,
With Chriſts name in't in change for Death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live

In him, or if they this denie,
For him, she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown,
Her Lords Blood, or at least her own.

Farewel then all the World, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewel all pleasures, sports, and joyes,
Never till now esteemed toyes:
Farewell, whatever dear may be,
Mothers Arms, or Fathers Knee:
Farewel House, and Farewel Home
She's for the Moors and Martyrdome.

Sweet not so fast, Loe thy fair Spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T' embrace a milder Martyrdome.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife.
Or some base hand have power to raze,
Thy Brests chaste Cabinet; and uncase
A Soul kept there so sweet; O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so:
Thou art Love's victim, and must dye
A death more mystical and high:
Into Loves hand thou shalt let fall,
A still surviving Funeral.

He is the Dart must make the death,
Whose stroke wall taste thy hallowed Breath;
A Dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy Spouses radiant name:

Upon

Upon the roof of Heaven where ay
It ſhines, and with a Soveraign ray,
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of ſouls, which in that names ſweet graces,

Find everlaſting ſmiles: ſo Rare,
So Spiritual, Pure and Fair,
Muſt be the immortal inſtrument,
Upon whoſe choice point ſhall be ſpent,
A life ſo lov'd, and that there be
Fit Executioners for thee.
The faireſt, and the firſt-born Loves of fire,
Bleſt Seraphims ſhall leave their Quire,
And turn Loves ſoldiers upon thee,
To exerciſe their Archery.

O how oft ſhalt thou complain
Of a ſweet and ſubtile pain?
Of intollerable joyes?
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever ſo be ſlain!
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he ſtill may dye.

How kindly will thy gentle Heart,
Kiſſe the ſweetly——killing Dart:
And cloſe in his Embraces keep,
Thoſe delicious wounds that weep
Balſome, to heal themſelves with thus;
When theſe thy Deaths ſo numerous,
Shall all at once dye into one,
And melt thy ſouls ſweet Manſion:

Like a ſoft Lump of Incenſe, haſted
By too hot a fire, and waſted,
Into perfuming Clouds, So faſt
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at laſt,
In a diſſolving ſigh, and then
O what! ask not the Tongues of men;

Angels cannot tell, ſuffice,
Thy ſelf ſhalt feel thine own full joyes,
And hold them faſt for ever there,
So ſoon as thou ſhalt firſt appear
The Moon of Maiden Stars; thy white
Miſtreſs attended by ſuch bright
Souls as thy ſhining ſelf ſhall come,
And in her firſt ranks make thee room.
Where 'mongſt her ſnowy Family,
Immortal welcomes wait on thee.
O what delight when ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And teach thy Lips Heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'ſt to thy wiſhes,
Heap up thy conſecrated Kiſſes.
What joy ſhall ſeize thy Soul when ſhe
Bending her Bleſſed Eyes on thee
Thoſe ſecond ſmiles of Heaven ſhall dart
Her mild Rays, through thy melting heart:

Angels thy old friends there ſhall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good Works which went before
And waited for thee at the Door
Shall own thee there: and all in one
Weave a Conſtellation
Of Crowns, with which the King thy ſpouſe,
Shall build up thy triumphant Brows.

All thy old Woes ſhall now ſmile on thee,
And thy pains ſet bright upon thee:
All thy ſorrows here ſhall ſhine,
And thy ſufferings be Divine.
Tears ſhall take Comfort, and turn Gems,
And wrongs repent to Diadems.
Even thy deaths ſhall live, and new
Dreſs the ſoul, which late they ſlew.
Thy wounds ſhall bluſh to ſuch bright ſcarrs,
As keep account of the Lambs wars.

Thoſe rare Works, where thou ſhalt leave Writ,
Loves Noble Hiſtory, with Wit
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our ſouls, ſhall cloath thine there.
Each Heavenly Word, by whoſe hid flame
Our hard hearts ſhall ſtrike fire, the ſame
Shall flouriſh on thy Brows; and be
Both Fire to us, and Flame to thee:
Whoſe Light ſhall live bright, in thy face
By Glory, in our Hearts by Grace.

Thou ſhalt look round about, and ſee
Thouſands of crown'd Souls, throng to be
Themſelves thy Crown, Sons of thy Nows:
The Virgin Births with which thy Spouſe
Made fruitful thy fair ſoul; Go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To him, put on (he'l ſay) put on
My Roſy Love, that thy rich Zone,
Sparkling with the ſ cred Flames,
Of thouſand ſouls whoſe happy names,
Heaven keeps upon thy ſcore, thy bright
Life, brought them firſt to kiſs the Light.

That

That kindled them to ſtarrs, and ſo
Thou with the Lamb thy Lord ſhall't goe.
And where ſo e'r he ſits, his white
Steps walk with him thoſe ways of Light.
Which who in death would live to ſee,
Muſt learn in life to dye like thee.

An Apology for the precedent Hymn, as having been writ when the Author was yet a Proteſtant.

THus have I back again to thy bright name,
Fair ſea of Holy fires, transfus'd the Flame
I took from reading thee, 'tis to thy wrong
I know that in my weak and worthleſs ſong
Thou here art ſet to ſhine, where thy full day
Scarce dawns, O pardon, if I dare to ſay
Thine own dear Books are guilty, for from thence
I Learnt to know that Love is Eloquence:
That Heavenly Maxim gave me heart to try
If what to other Tongues is Tun'd ſo high
Thy praiſe might not ſpeak *Engliſh* too, forbid
(By all thy Myſteries that there lye hid;)
Forbid it Mighty Love, let no fond hate
Of Names and Words ſo far prejudicate;
Souls are not *Spaniards* too, one friendly Flood
Of Baptiſme, blends them all into one Blood.
Chriſts Faith makes but one body of all ſouls,
And loves that Bodies Soul; no Law controuls
Our free Trafick, for Heaven we may maintain
Peace ſure with Piety, though it dwell in *Spain*.
What Soul ſoever in any Language can
Speak Heav'n like hers, is my Souls countrey-man.

O 'Tis not Spaniſh, but 'tis Heaven ſhe ſpeaks,
'Tis Heaven that lies in Ambuſh there, and breaks
From thence into the wondring Readers Breſt,
Who finds his warm heart hatch into a neſt
Of little Eagles and young Loves, whoſe high
Flights ſcorn the Lazie Duſt, and things that dye.
There are enow whoſe Draughts as deep as Hell
Drink up all *Spain* in Sack, let my Soul ſwell
With thee ſtrong Wine of Love, let others ſwim
In puddles, we will pledge this Seraphim
Bowls full of richer Blood then bluſh of Grape
Was ever guilty of, change we our ſhape,
My ſoul, ſome drink from Men to Beaſts; O then,
Drink we till we prove more, not leſs then Men:
And turn not Beaſts, but Angels. Let the King,
Me ever into theſe his Cellars bring;
Where flows ſuch Wine as we can have of none
But him who trode the Wine-preſs all alone,
Wine of Youths life, and the ſweet deaths of Love,
Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
Its Tincture from the Roſie Nectar, Wine
That can exalt weak Earth, and ſo refine
Our Duſt, that in one Draught, Mortality
May drink it ſelf up, and forget to dye.

On a Treatiſe of Charity.

RIſe then, immortal Maid! *Religion* riſe!
Put on thy ſelf in thine own looks: t' our Eyes
Be what thy Beauties, not our blots, have made thee,
Such as (e'r our dark ſins to Duſt betray'd thee)
Heav'n ſet thee down new dreſt; when thy bright Birth
Shot thee like Lightning to th' aſtoniſht Earth.

From

From th' dawn of thy fair Eye-lids wipe away
Dull Mists and melancholly Clouds: take day
And thine own Beams about thee: bring the best
Of whatsoe'r perfum'd thy *Eastern Nest.*
Girt all thy Glories to thee: then sit down,
Open this Book, fair Queen, *and take thy Crown,*
These learned Leaves shall vindicate to thee
Thy Holiest, Humblest, Handmaid, Charity;
She'l dress thee like thy self, set thee on high
Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each Eye.
Lo where I see thy offrings wake, and rise
From the pale Dust of that strange Sacrifice
which they themselves were; each one putting on
A Majesty that may beseem thy Throne.
The Holy Youth of Heav'n whose Golden Rings
Girt round thy awful Altars with bright wings
Fanning thy fair Locks (which the World believes
As much as sees) shall with these sacred Leaves
Trick their tall Plumes, and in that garb shall go
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.
——Be it enacted then
By the fair Laws of thy firm-pointed Pen,
Gods services no longer shall put on
A sluttishness, for *pure Religion*:
No longer shall our Churches frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the Burnt and Martyr'd bones
Of dead Devotion; nor faint Marbles weep
In their sad Ruines; nor Religion keep
A melancholly Mansion in those cold
Urns; Like Gods Sanctuaries they lookt of old:
Now seem they Temples consecrate to *none*,
Or to a *new* God *Desolation.*
No more the Hypocrite shall th' *upright* be
Because he's stiff, and will confess no Knee:

While others bend their Knee, no more ſhalt thou
(Diſdainful Duſt and Aſhes) bend thy Brow;
Nor on Gods Altar caſt *two ſcorching Eyes*
Bak't in hot ſcorn, for *a burnt Sacrifice*:
But (for a *Lamb*) thy tame and tender *Heart*
New ſtruck by Love, ſtill trembling on his Dart;
Or (for two *Turtle Doves*) it ſhall ſuffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble *Eyes*
This ſhall from henceforth be the Maſculine Theme
Pulpits and Pens ſhall ſweat in; to redeem
Vertue to Action, that Life-feeding flame
That keeps Religion warm: not ſwell *a name*
Of faith, *a Mountain word*, made up of Air,
With thoſe dear ſpoils that wont to dreſs the Fair
And fruitful Charities full Breaſts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the Poor hope from us? when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to *Charity*.

On the Glorious Aſſumption of the Bleſſed Virgin.

HArk ſhe is call'd, the parting hour is come,
take thy farwel poor world, heaven muſt go home.
A piece of Heavenly Light purer and brighter (be
Then the chaſt ſtars whoſe choice Lamps come to ligh
While through the Chriſtal Orbs clearer then they
She climbs and makes a far more Milky way;
She's call'd again, hark how th' immortal Dove
Sighs to his Silver Mate: riſe up my Love,
Riſe up my fair, my ſpotleſs one,
The Winter's paſt, the Rain is gone:

The

The Spring is come, the Flowers appear,
No Sweets, ſince thou art wanting here.

Come away my Love,
Come away my Dove,
caſt off delay:
The Court of Heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home;
Come away, come away.

She's cal'd again, and will ſhe goe;
When Heaven bids come, who can ſay no?
Heav'n calls her, and ſhe muſt away,
Heaven will not, and ſhe cannot ſtay.
Goe then, goe (Glorious) on the Golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heav'n, that ſings
Under ſo ſweet a burden: go,
Since thy great Son will have it ſo:
And while thou go'ſt, our ſong and we,
Will as we may reach after thee.
Hail Holy Queen of humble Hearts,
We in thy praiſe will have our parts;
And though thy deareſt looks muſt now be light
To none but the bleſt Heavens, whoſe bright
Beholders loſt in ſweet delight
Feed for ever their fair ſight
With thoſe Divineſt Eyes, which we
And our dark World no more ſhall ſee.
Though our poor joys are parted ſo,
Yet ſhall our Lips never let go
Thy Gracious Name, but to the laſt,
Our loving Song ſhall hold it faſt.

Thy ſacred Name ſhall be
Thy ſelf to us, and we

With Holy cares will keep it by us,
We to the laſt
Will hold it faſt,
And no Aſſumptiyn ſhall deny us.
All the ſweeteſt Showers,
Of our faireſt Flowers
Will we ſtrow upon it:
Though our ſweetneſs cannot make
It ſweeter, they may take
Themſelves new ſweetneſs from it.

Maria, Men and Angels ſing,
Maria Mother of our King.
Live rareſt Princeſs, and may the bright
Crown of a moſt incomparable Light
Embrace thy radiant Brows, O may the beſt
Of everlaſting joys bath thy white Breſt.
Live our chaſte Love, the Holy Mirth
Of Heaven, and Humble Pride of Earth:
Live Crown of Women, Queen of Men:
Live Miſtreſs of our Song, and when
Our weak deſires have done their beſt,
Sweet Angels come, and ſing the reſt.

An Hymn on the Circumciſion of our Lord.

RIſe thou beſt and brighteſt morning,
Roſie with a double Red;
With thine own Bluſh thy Cheeks adorning,
And the dear Drops this day were ſhed.

All the Purple pride of Laces,
The crimſon Curtains of thy Bed;
Guild thee not with ſo ſweet Graces,
Nor ſets thee in ſo rich a Red.

Of all the fair Cheekt-Flowers that fill thee,
None ſo fair thy Boſom ſtrows,
As this modeſt Maiden Lilly
Our Sins have ſham'd into a Roſe.

Bid the Golden God the Sun,
Burniſht in his Glorious Beams
Put all his Red eyed Rubies on,
Theſe Rubies ſhall put out his eyes.

Let him make poor the Purple *Eaſt*,
Rob the rich Store her Cabinets keep,
The pure birth of each ſparkling neſt
That flaming in their fair Bed ſleep.

Let him embrace his own bright Treſſes
With a new morning made of Gems;
And wear in them his wealthy dreſſes,
Another day of Diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himſelf Rich in his riſe,
All will be darkneſs, to the day
That breaks from one of theſe fair eyes.

And ſoon the ſweet Truth ſhall appear,
Dear Babe e'r many days be done:
The Moon ſhall come to meet thee here,
And leave the long adored Sun,

Thy Nobler Beauty ſhall bereave him,
Of all his Eaſtern Paramours:
His Perſian Lovers all ſhall leave him,
And ſwear Faith to thy ſweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him ſhall they loſe the Sun,
But in thy faireſt Eyes find two for one.

On Hope.

By way of Queſtion and Anſwer, between A. Cowley *and* R. Craſhaw.

Cowley.

HOpe, whoſe weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it ſucceed, and if it miſs,
Whom Ill and Good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of Fates dilemma wound.
Vain ſhadow! that doth vaniſh quite
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night.
The Fates have not a poſſibility
Of Bleſſing thee.
If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the moſt hopeleſs thing of all.

Craſhaw.

Dear Hope! Earth's Dowry, and Heaven's Debt,
The Entity of things that are not yet.
Subt'leſt, but ſureſt Being! Thou by whom
Our Nothing hath a Definition.

Fair

Fair cloud of Fire, both Shade and Light,
Our Life in Death, our Day in Night.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thinn Dilemma with blunt Horn
Shrinks, like the ſick Moon at the wholſome morn.

Cowley.

Hope, thou bold taſter of Delight,
Who, inſtead of doing ſo, devour'ſt it quite.
Thou bring'ſt us an Eſtate, yet leav'ſt us poor,
By clogging it with Legacies before.
The joys which we intire ſhould wed,
Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed:
Good Fortunes without Gain imported be,
So mighty Cuſtome's paid to thee.
For Joy, like Wine kept cloſe, doth better taſte;
If it take Air before its ſpirits waſte.

Craſhaw.

Thou art Loves Legacy under Lock
Of Faith: the Steward of our growing ſtock.
Our Crown-Lands lie above, yet each Meal brings
A ſeemly Portion for the Sons of Kings.
Nor will the Virgin-joys we wed
Come leſs unbroken to our Bed,
Becauſe that from the Bridal Cheek of Bliſs,
Thou thus ſteal'ſt down a diſtant Kiſs;
Hopes chaſte Kiſs wrongs no more joys Maidenhead,
Then Spouſal Rites prejudge the Marriage-bed.

Cowley.

Cowley.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lottery,
Where for one Prize an hundred Blanks there be.
Fond Archer Hope, who tak'ſt thine aim ſo farre,
That ſtill, or ſhort or wide, thine Arrows are.
Thine empty Cloud the Eye it ſelf deceives
With ſhapes that our own Fancy gives:
A Cloud, which Gilt and Painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in Tears.
When thy falſe Beams o'r Reaſons light prevail,
By *ignes fatui*, not *North* Stars we ſail.

Craſhaw.

Fair *Hope*! our earlier Heaven by thee
Young *Time* is taſter to Eternity.
The generous Wine with Age grows ſtrong, not ſower,
Nor need we kill thy Fruit to ſmell thy Flower.
Thy Golden Head never hangs down,
Till in the Lap of Loves full noon
It falls and dyes: oh no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of Sugar loſe themſelves, and twine
Their ſubtle Eſſence with the ſoul of Wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Fear! more guily clad,
The merrier fool o'th' two, yet quite as mad,
Sire of Repentance! Shield of fond deſire,
That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire,

Still leading them inſenſibly on,
With the ſtrange Witchcraft of *Anon*:
By thee the one doth changing Nature through
Her endleſs Labyrinths purſue,
And th' other chaſes woman, while ſhe goes
More ways, and turns, then hunted Nature knows.

Craſhaw.

Fortune alas above the Worlds Law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd Heads of conſpiring Stars.
Her Keel cuts not the Waves, where our winds ſtirre,
And *Fate's* whole Lottery is one blank to her.
Her ſhafts and ſhe fly farre above,
And forrage in the Fields of Light, and Love.
Sweet *Hope!* kind Cheat! fair Fallacy! by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would: thus art thou
Our abſent preſence, and our future now.

Craſhaw:

Faith's Siſter! Nurſe of fair deſire!
Fears Antidote! a wiſe, and well ſtay'd fire
Temper'd 'twixt cold deſpair and torrid joy:
Queen Regent in young Loves Minority.
Though the vext Chymick vainly chaſes
His fugitve Gold through all her faces,
And loves more fierce, more fruitleſs fires aſſay
One Face more fugitive then all they,
True *Hope's* a glorious Huntreſs, and her chaſe
The God of Nature in the Field of Grace.

THE

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

OR,

Other Poems written on ſeveral occaſions.

By RICHAD CRASHAVV.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agas.*

79

THE

DELIGHTS

OF THE

METROPOLIS;

OR,

Monthly Essays on Female Dress,
Fashions,

BY A LADY OF CHARLESTON.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Muſick's Duel.

NOw *Weſtward Sol* had ſpent the richeſt Beams
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the ſtreams
Of *Tiber*, on the Scene of a green Plat,
Under protection of an Oak; there ſate
A ſweet Lutes-Maſter: in whoſe gentle Airs
He loſt the Days heat, and his own hot cares.
Cloſe in the covert of the Leaves there ſtood
A Nightingale come from the Neighbouring Wood:
(The ſweet Inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muſe, their *Syren*, harmleſs *Syrex* ſhe)
There ſtood ſhe liſtning and did entertain
The Muſick's ſoft report: and mold the ſame
In her own Murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:

The man perceiv'd his Rival, and her Art,
Diſpos'd to give the Light-foot Lady ſport
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainſt the Fight to come
Informs it, in a ſweet *Præludium*
Of cloſer ſtrains, and e'r the War begin,
He lightly skirmiſhes on every ſtring
Charg'd with a flying touch; and ſtreight way ſhe
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thouſand ſweet diſtinguiſh'd Tones,
And reckons up in ſoft diviſions
Quick Volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
By that ſhrill Taſte, ſhe could do ſomething too.
His nimble hands inſtinct then taught each ſtring
A cap'ring chearfulneſs; and made them ſing
To their own dance; now negligently raſh
He throws his Arm and with a long drawn daſh
Blends all together, then diſtinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And ſnatches this again, and pauſes there.
She meaſures every Meaſure, every where
Meets Art with Art; ſometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain Ditty in one long ſpun Note,
Through the ſleek paſſage of her open Throat:
A clear unwrinkled ſong, then doth ſhe point it
With tender Accents, and ſeverely joynt it
By ſhort dimunitives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly ſhar'd,
With her ſweet ſelf ſhe wrangles; he amaz'd
That from ſo ſmall a Channel ſhou'd be rais'd
The Torrent of a voice, whoſe melody
Could melt into ſuch ſweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare Art
The tatling ſtrings (each breathing in his part)

Moſt

Moſt kindly do fall out, the grumbling Baſe
In ſurly Groans diſdains the Trebles Grace;
The high-perch't Treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his Finger (Moderatour) hides
And cloſes the ſweet quarrel, rouſing all
Hoarſe, ſhrill at once; as when the Trumpets call
Hot *Mars* to th' Harveſt of Deaths Field, and woo
Mens hearts into their hands; this Leſſon too
She gives him back, her ſupple Breſt thrills out
Sharp Airs, and ſtaggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying ſweetneſs, hovers o'r her skill,
And folds in wav'd Notes with a trembling Bill,
The plyant Series of her ſlippery Song;
Then ſtarts ſhe ſuddenly into a Throng
Of ſhort thick ſobs, whoſe thundring Volleys float,
And roul themſelves over her Lubrick Throat
In panting Murmurs, ſtill'd out of her Breaſt
That ever-bubling Spring, the ſugred Neſt
Of her delicious ſoul, that there does lye
Bathing in ſtreams of liquid Melodie;
Muſicks beſt Seed-plot; when in ripen'd Airs
A Golden-headed Harveſt fairly rears
His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her Breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that ſweet ſoyl it ſeems a Holy Quire
Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo*'s Lyre;
Whoſe Silver-roof rings with the ſprightly Notes
Of ſweet-Lip'd Angel-Imps, that ſwill their Throats
In Cream of morning *Helicon*, and then
Preferr ſoft Anthems to the Ears of Men,
To woo them from their Beds, ſtill murmuring
That Men can ſleep while they their Mattens ſing:
(Moſt Divine Service) whoſe ſo early lay
Prevents the Eye-lids of the bluſhing day.

There might you hear her kindle her ſoft voice,
In the cloſe murmur of a ſparkling noiſe;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful ſong,
Still keeping in the forward Stream, ſo long
Till a ſweet whirlwind (ſtriving to get out)
Heaves her ſoft Boſome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breſt,
Till the fledg'd Notes at length forſake their Neſt;
Fluttering in wanton ſhoals, and to the Sky
Wing'd with their own wild Ecchо's pratling fly.
She opes the Floodgate, and lets looſe a Tide
Of ſtreaming Sweetneſs which in State doth ride
On the wav'd back of every ſwelling ſtrain,
Riſing and falling in a pompous Train;
And while ſhe thus diſcharges a ſhrill Peal
Of flaſhing Airs; ſhe qualifies their Zeal
With the cool Epode of a graver Noat
Thus high, thus low, as if her Silver Throat
Would reach the Brazen voice of Wars hoarſe Bird;
Her little ſoul is raviſht: and ſo pour'd
Into looſe extaſies, that ſhe is plac't
Above her ſelf, Muſicks *Enthuſiaſt.*
Shame now and Anger mixt a double ſtain
In the Muſitians face; yet once again
(Miſtreſs) I come; now reach a ſtrain my Lute
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or Tune a Song of victory to me,
Or to thy ſelf ſing thine own Obſequie;
So ſaid, his hands ſprightly as Fire he flings,
And with a quivering coyneſs taſts the ſtrings:
The ſweet-Lip'd Siſters Muſically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when *Apollo*'s Golden Hairs
Are fan'd and frizled in the wanton Airs

Of his own Breath, which married to his lyre (higher;
Doth Tune the *Sphears* and make Heavens ſelf look
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Muſicks pulſe in all her Arteries,
Caught in a Net which there *Apollo* ſpreads,
His Fingers ſtruggle with the vocal Threads,
Following thoſe little Rills, he ſinks into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his Hand does go
Thoſe parts of ſweetneſs which with *Nectar* d op,
Softer then that which pants in *Hebe*'s Cup:
The humourous ſtrings expound his Learned touch
By various Gloſſes; now they ſeem to grutch,
And murmure in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In ſhrill-tongu'd Accents, ſtriving to be ſingle;
Every ſmooth turn, every delicious ſtroke
Gives life to ſome new Grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetneſs by all her Names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a Fury ſo harmonious)
The Lutes light *Genius* now does proudly riſe,
Heav'd on the ſurges of ſwoln Rapſodies,
Whoſe flouriſh (Meteor-like) doth curle the Air
With flaſh of high-born Fancies here and there
Dancing in lofty meaſures, and anon
Creeps on the ſoft touch of a tender tone,
Whoſe trembling Murmurs melting in wilde Airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his ſweet Cares;
Becauſe thoſe precious myſteries that dwell
In Muſick's raviſh't ſoul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the World: thus do they vary,
Each ſtring his Note, as if they meant to carry
Their Maſters bleſt ſoul, (ſnatcht out at his Ears
By a ſtrong Extaſy) through all the Sphears
Of Muſicks Heaven; and ſeat it there on high
In th' *Empyræum* of pure Harmony.

At length (after ſo long, ſo loud a ſtriſe
Of all the ſtrings, ſtill breathing the beſt life
Of bleſt variety attending on
His Fingers faireſt Revolution,
In many a ſweet Riſe, many as ſweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd *Diapaſon* ſwallows all.
This done, he liſts what ſhe would ſay to this,
And ſhe, although her Breath's late exerciſe
Had dealt too roughly with her tender Throat,
Yet ſummons all her ſweet powers for a Note;
Alas! in vain! for while (ſweet ſoul) ſhe tries
To meaſure all thoſe wild diverſities,
Of chatt'ring ſtrings, by the ſmall ſize of one
Poor ſimple voice, rais'd in a Natural Tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
Falling upon his Lute; O fit to have
(That liv'd ſo ſweetly) dead, ſo ſweet a Grave!

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAithleſs and fond Mortality,
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithleſs thing! that thus,
In our beſt hopes beguileſt us
What a reckoning haſt thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For Life by Volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to ſpeak him dead.
For the Laurel in his Verſe,
The ſullen Cypreſſe o'r his Herſe.

For

For a ſilver-crowned Head,
A durty Pillow in Death's Bed.
For ſo dear, ſo deep a Truſt,
Sad requital, thus much Duſt!
Now though the blow that ſnatcht him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though ſhe be dumb e'r ſince his Death,
Not us'd to ſpeak but in his Breath;
Yet if at leaſt ſhe not denies,
The ſad Language of our Eyes,
We are contented: for then this
Language none more fluent is.
Nothing ſpeaks our Grief ſo well
As to ſpeak nothing: Come then tell
Thy mind in Tears who e'r thou be,
That ow'ſt a Name to Miſery:
Eyes are Vocal, Tears have Tongues,
And there be words not made with Lungs;
Sententious ſhowers, O let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetorical.
Here's a Theme will drink th' expence
Of all thy watry Eloquence;
Weep then, onely be expreſt
Thus much, *He's Dead*, and Weep the reſt.

Upon the Death of Mr. Herrys.

A Plant of Noble ſtemme, forward and fair,
As ever whisper'd to the Morning Air,
Thriv'd in theſe happy Grounds, the Earths juſt pride,
Whoſe riſing Glories made ſuch haſte to hide

His Head in Clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught Motion
To ſtart from Time, and chearfully to fly
Before, and ſeize upon Maturity:
Thus grew this gracious Plant, in whoſe ſweet ſhade,
The Sun himſelf oft wiſht to ſit, and made
The morning Muſes perch like Birds, and ſing
Among his Branches, yea, and vow'd to bring
His own delicious Phœnix from the Bleſt
Arabia, there to build her Virgin Neſt
To hatch her ſelf in, 'mongſt his Leaves: the Day
Freſh from the Roſie Eaſt rejoyc't to play.
To them ſhe gave the firſt and faireſt Beam
That waited on her Birth, ſhe gave to them
The pureſt Pearls, that wept her Evening Death,
The balmy *Zephirus* got ſo ſweet a Breath
By often kiſſing them, and now begun
Glad time to ripen expectation:
The timerous Maiden-Bloſſomes on each Bough,
Peept forth from their firſt bluſhes: ſo that now
A Thouſand ruddy hopes ſmil'd in each Bud,
And flatter'd every greedy Eye that ſtood
Fixt in Delight, as if already there
Thoſe rare Fruits dangled, whence the Golden year
His Crown expected, when (O Fate, O Time
That ſeldom lett'ſt a bluſhing youthful Prime
Hide his hot Beams in ſhade of ſilver Age;
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire Rage
Of a mad ſtorm theſe bloomy joyes all tore,
Raviſht the Maiden Bloſſomes, and down bore
The Trunk; yet in this Ground his precious Root
Still lives, which when weak Time ſhall be pour'd out
Into Eternity, and circular joys
Dance in an endleſs round, again ſhall riſe

The fair Son of an ever-youthful Spring,
To be a ſhade for Angels while they ſing.
Mean while, who e'r thou art that paſſeſt here,
O do thou water it with one kind Tear.

Upon the Death of the moſt deſired Mr. Herrys.

DEath, what doſt? O hold thy blow,
What thou doſt thou doſt not know.
Death thou muſt not here be cruel,
This is Natures choiceſt Jewel.
This is he in whoſe rare frame,
Nature labour'd for a Name;
And meant to leave his precious Feature,
The pattern of a perfect Creature.
Joy of Goodneſs, Love of Art,
Vertue wears him next her Heart:
Him the Muſes love to follow,
Him they call their Vice-*Apollo*
Apollo Golden though thou be,
Th' art not fairer then is he.
Nor more lovely liſt'ſt thy head,
Bluſhing from thine Eaſtern Bed,
The Glories of thy Youth ne'r knew
Brighter hopes then he can ſhew;
Why then ſhould it e'r be ſeen,
That his ſhould Fade while thine is Green?
And wilt Thou, (O cruel boaſt!)
Put poor Nature to ſuch coſt?
O 'twill undoe our common Mother,
To be at charge of ſuch another:
What? think we to no other end,
Gracious Heavens do uſe to ſend

Earth

Earth her beſt perfection,
But to vaniſh and be gone?
Therefore only give to day,
To morrow to be ſnatcht away?
I 've ſeen indeed the hopeful Bud,
Of a ruddy Roſe that ſtood
Bluſhing to behold the Ray
Of the new ſaluted Day,
(His tender Top not fully ſpread)
The ſweet daſh of a ſhower now ſhed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himſelf the Purple pride
Of his forward Flower, when lo,
While he ſweetly 'gan to ſhow
His ſwelling Glories, *Auſter* ſpide him,
Cruel *Auſter* thither hy'd him,
And with the ruſh of one rude blaſt,
Sham'd not ſpiteſully to waſt
All his Leaves, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I 've ſeen the Mornings lovely Ray,
Hover o'r the new-born Day,
With Roſie wings ſo richly Bright,
As if he ſcorn'd to think of Night,
When a ruddy ſtorm whoſe ſcoul
Made Heavens radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely Night,
To blot the newly bloſſom'd Light.
But were the Roſes bluſh ſo rare,
Were the Mornings ſmile ſo fair
As is he, nor Cloud nor Wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
Spare him, Death, O ſpare him then,
Spare the ſweeteſt among men:

Let

Let not pitty with her Tears,
Keep ſuch diſtance from thine Ears;
But O thou wilt not, canſt not ſpare,
Haſte hath never time to hear;
Therefore if he needs muſt go,
And the Fates will have it ſo,
Softly may he be poſſeſt,
Of his monumental Reſt.
Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
Safe O hide his loved head.
For Pitties ſake O hide him quite,
From his Mother Natures ſight:
Leſt, for the Grief his loſs may move,
All her Births Abortive prove.

Another.

IF ever Pitty were acquainted
With ſterne Death, if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigor,
Of an Adamantine rigour,
Here, o here we ſhould have known it,
Here or no where he'd have ſhown it.
For he whoſe pretious memory,
Bathes in tears of every eye:
He to whom our ſorrow brings
All the ſtreams of all her ſprings,
Was ſo rich in Grace and Nature,
In all the gifts that bleſs a Creature,
The freſh hopes of his lovely Youth
Flouriſht in ſo fair a grouth.
So ſweet the Temple was, that ſhrin'd
The Sacred ſweetneſs of his mind.

That could the Fates know to relent;
Could they know what Mercy meant?
Or had ever learnt to bear,
The ſoft Tincture of a Tear?
Tears would now have flow'd ſo deep,
As might have taught Grief how to weep:
Now all their ſteely Operation,
Would quite have loſt the cruel faſhion:
Sickneſs would have gladly been,
Sick himſelf to have ſav'd him:
And his Feaver wiſht to prove
Burning onely in his Love;
Him when wrath it ſelf had ſeen,
Wrath its ſelf had loſt his ſpleen;
Grim deſtruction here amaz'd,
In ſtead of ſtriking would have gaz'd;
Even the Iron-pointed Pen,
That notes the Tragick Dooms of men
Wet with Tears ſtill'd from the Eyes,
Of the flinty Deſtinies,
Would have learnt a ſofter ſtyle,
And have been aſham'd to ſpoile
His Lives ſweet ſtory, by the haſt,
Of a cruel ſtop ill plac't.
In the dark Volume of our Fate,
Whence each Leaf of Life hath Date,
Where in ſad particulars,
The total ſum of Man appears;
And the ſhort clauſe of Mortal Breath,
Bound in the period of Death:
In all the Book if any where
Such a Term as this, *ſpare here*,
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
Writ in white Letters o'r his head:

Or cloſe unto his name annext,
The fair gloſs of a fairer Text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and onely he.
But he alas! even he is dead
And our hopes fair Harveſt ſpread
In the Duſt; Pity now ſpend
All the Tears that Grief can lend:
Sad Mortality may hide,
In his Aſhes all her pride,
With this Inſcription o'r his head;
All hope of never dying here lies dead.

His Epitaph.

PAſſenger who e'r thou art,
Stay a while and let thy Heart
Take acquaintance of this ſtone,
Before thou paſſeſt further on;
This ſtone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whoſe mind,
Left his years ſo much behind,
That numbring of his Vertues Praiſe,
Death loſt the reckoning of his Days;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old;
In him perfection did ſet forth,
The ſtrength of her United worth;
Him his wiſdomes pregnant growth
Made ſo Reverend, even in Youth,
That in the Center of his Breſt
(Sweet as is the *Phœnix* Neſt)

Every

Every reconciled Grace
Had their general meeting place;
In him goodneſs joy'd to ſee
Learning learn Humility;
The ſplendor of his Birth and Blood,
Was but the Gloſs of his own Good;
The flouriſh of his ſober Youth
Was the pride of Naked Truth:
In compoſure of his Face
Liv'd a fair, but Manly Grace;
His Mouth was Rhetorick's beſt Mold,
His Tongue the Touchſtone of her Gold;
What Word ſo e'r his Breath kept warm,
Was no Word now but a Charm:
For all perſuaſive Graces thence
Suckt their ſweeteſt Influence;
His Vertue that within had root,
Could not chooſe but ſhine without;
And th' Heart-bred Luſtre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own Rays:
That to his ſweetneſs all mens Eyes
Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice.
Him while freſh and fragrant Time
Cheriſht in his Golden Prime;
E're *Hebe*'s Hand had overlaid
His ſmooth Cheeks with a Downy ſhade;
The ruſh of Deaths unruly Wave,
Swept him off into his Grave.
Enough, now (if thou canſt) paſs on,
For now (alas) not in this ſtone
(Paſſenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart.

An

An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who dies and were buried together.

TO theſe, whom Death again did Wed,
This Grave's the ſecond Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt Soul and Body a divorce:
It could not ſever Man and Wife,
Becauſe they both liv'd but one Life;
Peace, good Reader, do not weep;
Peace, the Lovers are aſleep;
They (ſweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the laſt knot that Love could tye.
Let them ſleep, let them ſleep on,
Till this ſtormy night be gone,
And the Eternal Morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a Light,
Whoſe Day ſhall never dye in Night.

An Epitaph upon Doctor Brook.

A *Brook* whoſe Stream ſo Great, ſo Good,
Was Lov'd, was Honour'd as a Flood,
Whoſe Banks the Muſes dwelt upon,
More then their own *Helicon*,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet paſſage under ground;
Mean while his loved Banks, now dry,
The Muſes with their Tears ſupply.

Upon

Upon Mr. Staninough's *Death.*

DEar Relicks of a diſlodg'd ſoul, whoſe lack
Makes many a mourning Paper put on black;
O ſtay a while e're thou draw in thy Head,
And wind thy ſelf up cloſe in thy cold Bed:
Stay but a little while, until I call
A ſummons, worthy of thy Funeral. (Powers,
Come then Youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye ſoft
Whoſe ſilken Flatteries ſwell a few fond hours
Into a falſe Eternity, come Man,
(Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy ſpan;
Take thine own Meaſure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy ſelf in thy Idæa, thou
Huge emptineſs contract thy Bulk, and ſhrink
All thy wild Circle to a point! O ſink
Lower, and lower yet; till thy ſmall ſize,
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow Eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet, till thou begin
To ſhow a Face fit to confeſs thy Kin
Thy Neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
Thy ſelf in this unfeign'd reflexion:
Here gallant Ladies this impartial Glaſs
(Through all your painting) ſhows you your own face.
Theſe Death-ſcal'd Lips are they dare give the lye,
To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.
Theſe Curtain'd Windows, this ſelf-priſon'd Eye,
Out-ſtares the Lids of large-lookt Tyranny:
This poſture is the brave one; this that lies
Thus low, ſtands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
The World.--- All daring Duſt and Aſhes, onely you
Of all Interpreters read Nature true.

Upon

Upon the Duke of York's *Birth.*
A Panegyrick.

Britain, the Mighty Ocean's lovely Bride, (wide
Now ſtretch thy ſelf (fair Iſle) and grow, ſpread
Thy Boſome and make room; thou art oppreſt
With thine own Glories: and art ſtrangely Bleſt
Beyond thy ſelf: for lo! the Gods the Gods
Come faſt upon the, and thoſe Glorious ods,
Swell thy full Glories to a pitch ſo high,
As ſits above thy beſt Capacity.
Are they not Ods? and Glorious? that to thee
Thoſe mighty *Genii* throng, which well might be
Each one an Ages labour, that thy days
Are Guilded with the Union of thoſe Rays,
Whoſe each divided Beam would be a Sun,
To glad the Sphear of any Nation.
O if for theſe thou meanſt to find a ſeat,
Th'aſt need, O *Britain* to be truly Great.
And ſo thou art, their preſence makes thee ſo,
They are thy Greatneſs; Gods where e're they go
Bring their Heaven with them, their great footſteps
An everlaſting ſmile upon the face (place
Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
Thoſe Beams that ampliate Mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and ſwell
To Majeſtie and fulneſs deign to dwell;
Thou by thy ſelf mayſt ſit, (Bleſt Iſle) and ſee
How thy Great Mother Nature doats on thee:
Thee therefore from the reſt apart ſhe hurl'd,
And ſeem'd to make an Iſle, but made a World.

Great *Charles*! thou ſweet Dawn of a Glorious day,
Center of thoſe thy Grandfires ſhall I ſay
Henry and *James* or *Mars* and *Phœbus* rather?
If this were Wiſdom's God, that War's ſtern Father,
'Tis but the ſame is ſaid, *Henry* and *James*
Are *Mars* and *Phœbus* under divers Names.
O thou full mixture of thoſe mighty ſoul's,
Whoſe vaſt intelligences tun'd the Poles
Of Peace and War; thou for whoſe Manly Brow
Both Laurels twine into one Wreath, and wooe
To be thy Garland; ſee (ſweet Prince) O ſee
Thou and the lovely hopes that ſmile in thee
Are ta'ne out, and tranſcrib'd by thy Great Mother,
See, ſee thy real ſhadow, ſee thy Brother,
Thy little ſelf in leſs, read in theſe Eyne
The Beams that dance in thoſe full Stars of thine.
From the ſame ſnowy Alablaſter Rock
Theſe hands and thine were hew'n, theſe Cherrys mock
The Coral of thy Lips. Thou art of all
This well-wrought Copy the fair Principal.

Juſtly, Great Nature, may'ſt thou brag and tell
How ev'n th'aſt drawn this faithful Parallel,
And matcht thy Maſter-peece: O then goon
Make ſuch another ſweet compariſon,
See'ſt thou that *Mary* there? O teach her Mother
To ſhew her to her ſelf in ſuch another:
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her ſhine
Alone, Light ſuch another Star, and twine
Their Roſie Beams, ſo that the Morn for one
Venus, may have a Conſtellation.
So have I ſeen (to dreſs their Miſtreſs *May*)
Two Silken ſiſter Flowers conſult, and lay
Their baſhful Cheeks together, newly they

Peep't

Peep't from their Buds, ſhew'd like the Gardens Eyes
Scarce wak't: like was the Crimſon of their joys,
Like were the Pearls they wept, ſo like that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion.
But ſtay, what glimpſe was that? why bluſht the day?
Why ran the ſtarted Air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in Rays that ſcorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what ſecond Morn
At Mid-day opes a preſence which Heavens Eye
Stands off and points at? is't ſome Deity
Stept from her Throne of Stars deigns to be ſeen?
Is it ſome Deity? or is't our Queen?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe: her awful Beauties chaſe
The Days abaſhed Glories, and in face
Of Noon wear their own Sunſhine, O thou bright
Miſtriſs of Wonders! *Cynthia*'s is the Night,
But thou at Noon doſt ſhine, and art all Day,
(Nor does the Sun deny't) our *Cynthia*,
Illuſtrious ſweetneſs! in thy faithful Womb,
That Neſt of *Heroes*, all our hopes find room;
Thou art the Mother *Phœnix*, and thy Breaſt
Chaſte as that Virgin Honour of the *Eaſt*,
But much more fruitful is; nor does, as ſhe,
Deny to Mighty Love a Deity;
Then let the Eaſtern World brag and be proud
Of one coy *Phœnix*, while we have a brood,
A brood of *Phœnixes*, and ſtill the Mother;
And may we long; long may'ſt thou live, t' encreaſe
The Houſe and Family of *Phœnixes*.
Nor may the Light that gives their Eye-lids light,
E're prove the diſmal Morning of thy Night:
Ne'r may a Birth of thine be bought ſo dear,
To mak his coſtly Cradle of thy Beer.
O mayſt thou thus make all the year thine own,

And ſee ſuch Names of joy ſit white upon
The brow every Moneth; and when that's done
Mayeſt in a Son of his find every Son
Repeated, and that Son ſtill in another,
And ſo in each Child often prove a Mother,
Long maiſt thou laden with ſuch cluſters lean
Upon thy Royal Elme (fair Vine) and when
The Heavens will ſtay no longer, may thy Glory
And Name dwell ſweet in ſome Eternal ſtory.
Pardon (bright Excellence) an untun'd String,
That in thy Ears thus keeps a murmuring;
O ſpeak a lowly Muſes pardon; ſpeak
Her Pardon or her Sentence; onely break
Thy ſilence; ſpeak; and ſhe ſhall take from thence
Numbers, and Sweetneſs, and an Influence
Confeſſing thee; or (if too long I ſtay)
O ſpeak thou and my Pipe hath nought to ſay:
For ſee *Apollo* all this while ſtands Mute,
Expecting by thy Voice to Tune his Lute.
But Gods are Gracious: and their Altars make
Pretious their offerings that their Altars take;
Give them this Rural Wreath Fire from thine Eyes,
This Rural Wreath dares be thy Sacrifice.

Upon Ford's *Two Tragedies.*

Love's Sacrifice *and* The Broken Heart.

THou cheat'ſt us *Ford*, mak'ſt one ſeem two by Art,
What is *Love's Sacrifice* but *the Broken Heart?*

On

On a foul Morning being then to take a journey.

WHere art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind-fold day
Staggers out of the *Eaſt*, loſes her way
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee Illuſtrious Youth,
And let no dull Miſts choak the Lights fair growth.
Point here thy Beams, O glance on yonder Flocks,
And make their Fleeces Golden as thy Locks.
Unfold thy fair Front, and there ſhall appear
Full Glory, flaming in her own free Sphear.
Gladneſs ſhall cloath the Earth, we will inſtile
The face of things, an univerſal Smile:
Say to the ſullen Morn, thou com'ſt to Court her;
And wilt demand proud *Zephirus* to ſport her
With wanton Gales; his Balmy Breath ſhall lick
The tender Drops which tremble on her Cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle Rain
On thoſe delicious Banks diſtill'd again,
Shall riſe in a ſweet Harveſt which diſcloſes
To every bluſhing Bed of new-born Roſes.
He'l fan her bright Locks teaching them to flow,
And friſk in curl'd *Mæandrs*: he will throw
A fragrant Breath ſuckt from the Spicy Neſt
O'th' precious *Phœnix*, warm upon her Breſt:
He with a dainty and ſoft hand, will Trim
And bruſh her Azure Mantle, which ſhall ſwim
In ſilken Volumes, whereſoe'r ſhe'll tread,
Bright Clouds like Golden Fleeces ſhall be ſpread.
Riſe then (fair blew-ey'd Maid) riſe and diſcover
Thy ſilver Brow, and meet thy Golden Lover.
See how he runs, with what a haſty flight
Into thy Boſome, bath'd with Liquid Light.

Fly, fly, prophane Fogs, farr hence fly away,
Taint not the pure ſtreams of the ſpringing day.
With your dull influence, it is for you,
To ſit and cowl upon Nights heavy Brow;
Not on the freſh Cheeks of the Virgin Morn,
Where nought but ſmiles, and ruddy joys are worn,
Fly then, and do not think with her to ſtay;
Let it ſuffice, ſhe'l wear no Mask to day.

Upon the fair Ethiopian ſent to a Gentlewoman.

LO here the fair *Chariclia*! in whom ſtrove
So falſe a Fortune, and ſo true a Love.
Now after all her Toils by Sea and Land,
O may ſhe but arrive at your white hand;
Her Hopes are Crown'd, onely ſhe fears that than
She ſhall appear true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I Would be Married, but I'de have no Wife,
I would be Married to a ſingle Life.

To the Morning.

Satisfaction for Sleep.

WHat ſuccor can I hope the Muſe will ſend
Whoſe drowſineſs hath wrong'd the Muſes friend?
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
Unleſs the Muſe ſing my Apology?

O in that Morning of my ſhame! when I
Lay folded up in ſleeps Captivity;
How at the ſight didſt thou draw back thine Eyes,
Into thy modeſt veyl? how did'ſt thou riſe
Twice Dy'd in thine own Bluſhes, and did'ſt run
To draw the Curtains and awake the Sun?
Who rowzing his illuſtrious Treſſes came,
An ſeeing the loath'd Object, hid for ſhame
His Head in thy fair Boſome, and ſtill hides
Me from his Patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
My own *Apollo*, try if I can make
His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*: and ſee
If *Morpheus* have a Muſe to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble Fancy finds no wings,
No nimble Rapture ſtarts to Heaven and brings
Enthuſiaſtick Flames, ſuch as can give
Marrow to my plump *Genius*, make it live
Dreſt in the glorious Madneſs of a Muſe,
Whoſe Feet can walk the Milky way, and chuſe
Her Starry Throne; whoſe Holy heats can warm
The Grave, and hold up an exalted Arm
To lift me from my lazy Urne, and climb
Upon the ſtopped ſhoulders of old Time;
And trace Eternity——But all is dead,
All theſe delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry Brow,
Where Mercy cannot find them; but O thou
Bright Lady of the Morn, pitty doth lye
So warm in thy ſoft Breſt it cannot dye:
Have Mercy then, and when he next ſhall riſe
O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
And ſtroak his radiant Cheeks; one timely kiſs
Will kill his Anger, and revive my Bliſs,

So

So to the Treaſure of thy pearly Deaw,
Thrice will I pay three Tears, to ſhow how true
My grief is; ſo my wakeful lay ſhall knock
At th' Oriental Gates; and duly mock
The early Larks ſhrill Orizons to be
An Anthem at the Days Nativity.
And the ſame Roſie-finger'd hand of thine,
That ſhuts Nights dying Eyes, ſhall open mine.
But thou, faint God of ſleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my Pillow ſhall thine Altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My ſelf a melting-Sacrifice; I'm born
Again a freſh Child of the Buxome Morn,
Heir of the Suns firſt Beams, why threat'ſt thou ſo?
Why doſt thou ſhake thy Leaden Scepter? goe,
Beſtow thy Poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickneſs and Sorrow, whoſe pale Lids ne'r know
Thy Downy Finger, dwell upon their Eyes,
Shut in their Tears; ſhut out their Miſeries.

Loves Horoſcope.

LOve, brave vertues younger Brother,
Erſt hath made my Heart a Mother,
She conſults the conſcious Sphears,
To calculate her young Sons years.
She asks if fate, or ſaving pow'rs,
Gave Omen to his Infant hours,
She asks each Star that then ſtood by,
If poor Love ſhall live or dye.

Ah my heart, is that the way?
Are theſe the Beams that rule thy Day?
Thou know'ſt a Face in whoſe each look,
Beauty lays ope Loves Fortune-Book,
On whoſe fair Revolutions wait
The obſequious Motions of Loves Fate,
Ah my Heart, her Eyes and ſhe,
Have taught thee new Aſtrology.
How e'r Loves Native hours were ſet,
What ever Starry Synod met,
Tis in the Mercy of her Eye,
If poor Love ſhall live or dye.

If thoſe ſharp Rays putting on
Points of Death bid Love begone
(Though the Heavens in Council ſate,
To crown an uncontrouled Fate,
Though their beſt Aſpects twin'd upon
The kindeſt Conſtellation,
Caſt amorous glances on his Birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his Paths with all the good
That warms the Bed of Youth and Blood)
Love ha's no plea againſt her Eye
Beauty frowns, and Love muſt dye.

But if her milder influence move;
And guild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heavens inauſpicious Eye
Lay black on Loves Nativity;
Though every Diamond in *Joves* Crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown,)
Her Eye a ſtrong appeal can give,
Beauty ſmiles and Love ſhall live.

O if Love ſhall live, O where
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Breaſt or in her Breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from Death?
For in the life ought elſe can give,
Love ſhall dye although he live.

Or if Love ſhall dye, O where,
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Breath or in her Breſt,
Shall I build his Funeral Neſt?
While Love ſhall thus entombed lye,
Love ſhall live although he dye.

Out of Virgil,
In the praiſe of the Spring.

ALL Trees, all Leavy Groves confeſs the Spring
Their gentleſt Friend, then, then the Lands begin
To ſwell with forward pride and ſeed deſire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the Boſome of his Love, and powrs
Himſelf into her Lap in fruitful ſhowres
And by a ſoft inſinuation, mixt
With Earths large Maſſe, doth cheriſh and aſſiſt
Her weak Conceptions; No loan ſhade, but Rings
With chatting Birds delicious murmurings.
Then *Venus* mild inſtinct (at ſet times) yields
The Herds to kindly meetings, then the Fields
(Quick with warm *Zephires* lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant Boſomes in a fragrant Birth
Each body's plump and jucy, all things full

Of

Of ſupple moiſture: no coy twig but will
Truſt his beloved Boſome to the Sun
(Grown luſty now;) No Vine ſo weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auſter, or thoſe ſtorms
That the South-weſt wind hurries in his Arms,
But haſtes her forward Bloſſomes, and lays out
Freely lays out her Leaves; nor do I doubt
But when the World firſt out of *Chaos* ſprang,
So ſmil'd the days, and ſo the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A ſpring was there,
An everlaſting ſpring, the jolly year
Led round in his great Circle; no winds Breath
As then did ſmell of Winter, or of Death;
When life's ſweet Light firſt ſhone on Beaſts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, ſprang hardy men;
When Beaſts took up their Lodging in the Wood,
Stars in their higher Chambers: never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the ſence
Of ſuch a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence
Kindly ſupplys ſick Nature, and doth mold
A ſweetly temper'd Mean, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture ſent to a Friend.

I Paint ſo ill, my Piece had need to be
Painted again by ſome good Poeſie,
I write ſo ill, my ſlender Line is ſcarce
So much as th' Picture of a well-Lim'd Verſe:
Yet may the Love I ſend be true, though I
Send not true Picture nor true Poeſie:
Both which away, I ſhould not need to fear,
My Love, or *Feign'd*, or *Painted* ſhould appear.

See p. 207

In praiſe of Leſſius, *his rule of Health.*

GOe now with ſome daring Drugg,
Bait the diſeaſe, and while they tug,
Thou to maintain their cruel ſtrife,
Spend the dear Treaſure of thy life:
Go take Phyſick, doat upon
Some big-nam'd Compoſition,
The Oraculous Doctors miſtick Bills,
Certain hard Words made into Pills;
And what at length ſhalt get by theſe?
Onely a Coſtlyer diſeaſe.
Goe poor Man, think what ſhall be,
Remedy againſt thy Remedy.
That which makes us have no need
Of Phyſick that's Phyſick indeed.
Hark hither, Reader, wouldſt thou ſee
Nature her own Phyſitian be;
Wouldſt ſee a man all, his own Wealth,
His own Phyſick, his own Health?
A Man whoſe ſober Soul can tell,
How to wear her Garments well?
Her Garments that upon her ſit,
As Garments ſhould do, cloſe and fit?
A well-cloath'd ſoul that's not oppreſt,
Nor choakt with what ſhe ſhould be dreſt?
A Soul ſheath'd in a Chryſtal ſhrine,
Through which all her bright Features ſhine?
As when a piece of wanton Lawn,
A thin aereal Vail is drawn
O'r Beauties Face, ſeeming to hide
More ſweetly ſhows the bluſhing Bride.

A

A Soul whoſe intellectual Beams
No Miſts do Mask no lazy ſteams?
A happy ſoul that all the way,
To Heaven, hath a Summers day?
Would'ſt thou ſee a Man whoſe well warm'd blood,
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A Man whoſe Tuned humours be,
A ſet of rareſt Harmony?
Wouldſt ſee blith Looks freſh Cheeks beguile
Age, wouldſt ſee *December* ſmile?
Wouldſt ſee a neſt of Roſes grow
In a bed of reverend Snow?
Warm Thoughts, free Spirits, flattering
Winters ſelf into a Spring?
In ſumme, wouldſt ſee a Man that can
Live to be old and ſtill a Man?

The beginning of Heliodorus.

THe ſmiling Morn had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the Mountains in a tender Ray:
When on a Hill (whoſe high Impertous Brow
Looks down, and ſees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haſte into the ſeas
Through the great Mouth that's nam'd from *Hercules*)
A band of men, rough as the Arms they wore
Look't round, firſt to the Sea, then to the Shore.
The Shore that ſhewed them what the Sea deny'd.
Hope of a Prey. There to the main Land ty'd
A ſhip they ſaw, no men ſhe had; yet preſt
Appear'd with other lading, for her Breſt
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third Ring; o'r the ſhore was ſpread

Death's

Death's purple Triumph, on the bluſhing ground
Lifes late forſaken Houſes all lay drown'd
In their own Bloods dear deluge ſome new dead,
Some panting in their yet warm ruines bled:
While their affrighted ſouls now wing'd for flight
Lent them the laſt flaſh of her glimmering Light,
Thoſe yet freſh ſtreams which crawled every where,
Shew'd, that ſtern warre had newly bath'd him there.
Nor did the face of this diſaſter ſhow
Marks of a fight alone, but feaſting too,
A miſerable and a monſtrous Feaſt,
Where hungry War had made himſelf a Gueſt;
And coming late had eat up Gueſts and all,
Who prov'd the Feaſt to their own Funeral, *&c.*

Out of the Greek, Cupid's *Cryer.*

LOve is loſt, nor can his Mother
Her little fugitive diſcover:
She ſeeks, ſhe ſighs, but no where ſpies him;
Love is loſt; and thus ſhe crys him.
O yes! if any happy Eye,
This roaving wanton ſhall deſcry:
Let the Finder ſurely know
Mine is the Wagg; 'tis I that own
The winged wand'rer, and that none
May think his Labour vainly gone,
The glad deſcryer ſhall not miſs,
To taſte the *Nectar* of a Kiſs
From *Venus* Lips; but as for him
That brings him to me, he ſhall ſwim
In riper joys; more ſhall be his
(*Venus* aſſures him) then a kiſs;

But leſt your Eye diſcerning ſlide,
Theſe marks may be your judgements guide:
His Skin as with a Fiery bluſhing
High-colour'd is; His Eyes ſtill fluſhing
With nimble Flames, and though his Mind
Be ne'r ſo curſt, his Tongue is kind:
For never were his Words in ought
Found the pure iſſue of his thought.
The working Bees ſoft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not ſo ſweet as do the Tones
Of his Tun'd Accents; but if once
His anger kindle, preſently
It boils out into cruelty,
And fraud: he makes poor mortals hurts,
The objects of his cruel ſports;
With dainty Curles his froward face
Is Crown'd about; but O what place,
What fartheſt nook of loweſt Hell
Feels not the ſtrength, the reaching ſpell
Of his ſmall hand? yet not ſo ſmall
As 'tis powerful therewithal;
Though bare his Skin, his Mind he covers
And like a ſaucy Bird he hovers
With wanton Wing, now here, now there,
'Bout Men and Women; nor will ſpare
Till at length he perching reſt,
In the Cloſet of their Breſt.
His weapon is a little Bow,
Yet ſuch a one as (*Jove* knows how)
Ne'r ſuffred yet his little Arrow,
Of Heav'ns high'ſt Arches to fall narrow.
The Gold that on his Quiver ſmiles,
Deceives mens fears with flattering wiles:

But O (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter ſhafs 'tis ſauc't too well;
He is all cruel, cruel all;
His Torch imperious though but ſmall
Makes the Sun (of Flames the Sire)
Worſe then Sun-burnt in his Fire:
Whereſoe'r you chance to find him
Seize him, bring him, (but firſt bind him)
Pitty not him, but fear thy ſelf,
Though thou ſee the crafty Elfe,
Tell down his Silver drops unto thee,
They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee;
With baited ſmiles if he diſplay
His fawning Cheeks, look not that way
If he offer ſugred Kiſſes,
Start, and ſay, the Serpent hiſſes
Draw him, drag him, though he pray
Wooe, intreat, and crying ſay
Prethee, ſweet, now let me go,
Here's my Quiver, Shafts and Bow,
I'le give thee all, take all, take heed
Leſt his kindneſs make thee bleed.
What e'r it be Love offers, ſtill preſume
That though it ſhines, 'tis Fire, and will conſume.

HIgh mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall
Was thrown alas, and got a deadly fall
Under th' unruly Beaſts proud feet he lies
All torn; with much adoe yet e'r he dies,
He ſtrains theſe words; B ſe Envy, doe, laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon*.

Upon

Upon Venus *putting on* Mars *his Arms:*

WHat? *Mars* his ſword? fair *Cytherea* ſay,
Why art thou Arm'd ſo deſperately to day?
Mars thou haſt beaten naked, and O then
What needſt thou put on Arms againſt poor men?

Upon the ſame.

PAllas ſaw *Venus* arm'd, and ſtreight ſhe cry'd,
Come if thou dar'ſt, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool! ſays *Venus*, thus provok'ſt thou me,
That being nak'd, thou know'ſt could conquer thee?

Upon Biſhop Andrews *his Picture before his Sermons.*

THis Reverend ſhadow caſt that ſetting Sun,
Whoſe Glorious courſe through our Horizon run,
Left the dimme Face of this dull Hemiſphære,
All one great Eye, all drown'd in one great Tear;
Whoſe fair illuſtrious Soul, led his free Thought
Through Learnings Univerſe, and (vainly) ſought
Room for her ſpacious ſelf, until at length
She found the way home with an Holy ſtrength,
Snatch't her ſelf hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place
'Mongſt thoſe immortal Fires, and on the Face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming Eye,
There ſtill to read true pure Divinity.

And now that grave Aſpect hath deign'd to ſhrink
Into this leſs appearance; if you think,
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath;
Look on the following Leaves, and ſee him breath.

Out of Martial.

FOur Teeth thou hadſt that rank'd in goodly ſtate
Kept thy Mouths Gate.

The firſt blaſt of thy Cough left two alone,
The ſecond, none.

This laſt Cough, *Ælia*, Cought out all thy fear,
Th' haſt left the third Cough now no buſineſs here.

Out of Italian.

A Song.

TO thy Lover
Deer, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those Roses
It discloses)
All the Flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Air,
Flow thy Hair;
That no more Summers best dresses,
Be beholden
For their Golden
Locks, to Phœbus Flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow;
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrows.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deer Lips whose Door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearls, and Sister Roses.

From these Treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to cleer the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The Air dear woos thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a Word once fly from out thee;
Storm and Thunder
Would fit under,
And keep silence round about Thee.

But if Natures
Common Creatures,
So dear Glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy Beauty
Owes a Duty
To my loving, lingring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his Terrors to affright me;
Thine Eyes Graces,
Guild their Faces,
And those Terrors shall delight me,

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet Airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many Deaths renew me.

Out of the Italian.

LOve now no Fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your Eyes the Light hath reft him;
The Heat commanding in my *Heart* doth fit,
O! that poor Love be not for ever ſpoiled,
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled.

So ſhall theſe Flames, whoſe worth
Now all obſcured lies
(Dreſt in thoſe Beams) ſtart forth
And dance before your Eyes.

Or elſe partake my Flames
(I care not whither)
And ſo in mutual Names
O Love, burn both together.

Out of the Italian.

WOuld any one the true cauſe find
How Love came nak't, a Boy and blind?
Tis this; liſtning one day too long,
To th' Syrens in my Miſtreſs Song,
The extaſie of a delight
So much o'r-maſtring all his might,
To that one Senſe, made all elſe thrall,
And ſo he loſt his Clothes, Eyes, Heart and all.

One

On the Frontiſpiece of Iſaacſons *Chronologie explained.*

IF with diſtinctive Eye and Mind you look
Upon the *Front*, you ſee more then one Book,
Creation is *Gods Book*, wherein he writ
Each Creature, as a Letter filling it.
Hiſtory is *Creations* Book; which ſhows
To what effects the *Series* of it goes.
Chronologie's the Book of *Hiſtory*, and bears
The juſt account of *Days*, of *Moneths*, and *Years*.
But *Reſurrection* in a Later Preſs,
And *New Edition* is the ſumme of theſe:
The Language of theſe Books had all been one,
Had not th' *Aſpiring Tow'r of Babylon*
Confus'd the Tongues, and in a diſtance hurl'd
As far the Speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd World.
Set then your Eyes in Method, and behold
Times Embleme, *Saturn*; who, when ſtore of Gold
Coyn'd the firſt Age, *Devour'd* that *Birth* he fear'd;
Till *Hiſtory*, Times eldeſt Child appear'd;
And *Phœnix*-like, in ſpight of *Saturns* rage,
Forc'd from her *Aſhes*, Heires in every Age.
From th' *Riſing Sun*, obtaining by juſt Suit,
A *Springs Ingender*, and an *Autumns Fruit*.
Who in thoſe *Volumes* at her motion pen'd,
Unto *Creations Alpha* doth extend.
Again Aſcend, and view *Chronology*,
By *Optick skill* pulling far *Hiſtory*
Neerer; whoſe *Hand* the piercing *Eagles* Eye
Strengthens to bring remoteſt Objects nigh.

Under

Under whoſe *Feet*, you ſee the *Setting Sun*,
From the dark *Gnomon*, o'r her Volumes run,
Drown'd in Eternal Night, never to riſe;
Till *Reſurrection* ſhow it to the Eyes
Of *Earth*-worn men; and her ſhril Trumpets ſound
Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground:
The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,
To ſhow *Chronology* and *Hiſtory* bear
No other *Culmen*; then the double Art,
Aſtronomy, *Geography* impart.

Or Thus.

LEt hoary *Time*'s vaſt Bowels be the Grave.
To what his Bowels Birth and Being gave;
Let Nature die, and (*Phœnix* like) from death
Revived Nature take a ſecond Breath;
If on *Times* right hand, ſit fair *Hiſtorie*;
If, from the ſeed of empty Ruine, ſhe
Can raiſe ſo fair an *Harveſt*: let her be
Ne'r ſo far diſtant, yet *Chronology*
(Sharp-ſighted as the *Eagles* Eye, that can
Out-ſtare the broad-beam'd Days Meridian)
Will have a *Perſpicil* to find her out,
And, through the *Night* of error, and dark doubt,
Diſcern the *Dawn* of Truth's eternal Ray,
As when the Roſie *Morn* buds into Day.
Now that *Time*'s Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babels bold *Artiſts* ſtrive (below) to build
Ruine a Temple; on whoſe fruitful fall
Hiſtory rears her *Pyramids* more tall
Then were th' *Ægyptian* (by the life, theſe give,
Th' *Egyptian Pyramids* themſelves muſt live:)

On these she lifts the *world*; and on their base
Shews the two Terms and Limits of *Time*'s Race:
That, the *Creation* is; the *Judgement* this;
That, the Worlds *Morning*, this her *Midnight* is.

An Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton *a Conformable Citizen.*

THe modest front of this small floor,
Beleeve me Reader, can say more
Then many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man;
One whose Conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of those few that in this Town,
Honour all Preachers; hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practice preach'd them o'r again.
His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
Those to the Eye, then to the Ear.
His Prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not onely in despight of *Rome*:
He lov'd his *Father*, yet his Zeal
Tore not off his Mothers Veil.
To th' Church he did allow her Dress,
True *Beauty* to true *Holiness*.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end:
When Age and Death call'd for the score,

No ſurſets were to reckon for;
Death tore not (therefore) but ſans ſtriſe
Gently untwin'd his thread of Life.
What remains then, but that Thou
Write theſe Lines, Reader in thy Brow,
And by his fair Examples light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So while theſe Lines can but bequeath
A Life perhaps unto his Death.
His better Epitaph ſhall be,
His Life ſtill kept alive in Thee.

Out of Catullus.

COme and let us Live my Dear,
Let us Love and never Fear,
What the ſowreſt Fathers ſay:
Brighteſt *Sol* that dyes to day
Lives again as blith to morrow,
But if we dark Sons of ſorrow
Set; O then, how long a Night
Shuts the Eyes of our ſhort Light!
Then let amorous Kiſſes dwell
On our Lips, begin and tell
A Thouſand and a Hundred ſcore,
An Hundred and a Thouſand more,
Till another Thouſand ſmother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus at laſt when we have numbred
Many a Thouſand, many a Hundred;
We'l confound the reckoning quite,
And loſe our ſelves in wild delight:
While our joyes ſo multiply,
As ſhall mock the envious Eye.

Wiſhes

Wiſhes to his (ſuppoſed) Miſtreſs.

WHo e're ſhe be,
That not impoſſible ſhe
That ſhall Command my Heart and me;

Where e're ſhe lye,
Lock't up from mortal Eye,
In ſhady Leaves of Deſtiny:

Till that ripe Birth
Of ſtudied Fate ſtand forth,
And teach her fair ſteps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idæa take a ſhrine
Of Chryſtal fleſh, through which to ſhine:

Meet you her my wiſhes,
Beſpeak her to my bliſſes,
And be ye call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her Beauty,
That ows not all its Duty
To gaudy Tire, or gliſtring ſhoo-ty,

Something more than
Taffata or Tiſſew can,
Or rampant Feather, or rich Fan.

More then the ſpoil
Of ſhop, or ſilkworms Toil
Or a bought Bluſh, or a ſet ſmile.

A Face that's beſt
By its own Beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt,

A Face made up
Out of no other ſhop,
Then what Natures white hand ſets ope.

A Cheek where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader ſweetly ru th.

A Cheek where grows
More then a Morning Roſe:
Which to no Box his Being owes.

Lips, where all day
A Lovers Kiſs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppreſs
Their richeſt Tires, but dreſſe
And cloath their ſimpleſt Nakedneſs:

Eyes, that diſplaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out-faces
That Sun-ſhine by their own ſweet Graces.

Treſſes, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themſelves more precious are,

Whoſe native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright ſhades play.

Each Ruby there
Or Pearl that dare appear,
Be its own bluſh, be its own Tear.

A well-tam'd Heart,
For whoſe more Noble ſmart,
Love may be long chooſing a Dart.

Eyes, that beſtow
Full Quivers on Loves Bow;
Yet pay leſs Arrows then they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The Blood, yet teach a Charm,
That Chaſtity ſhall take no harm.

Bluſhes, that bin
The burniſh of no ſin,
Nor Flames of ought too hot within.

Joys, that confeſs,
Vertue their Miſtreſſe,
And have no other Head to dreſs.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
Firſt does the longing Lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as thoſe are ſhed
For a dying Maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore ſpent night of ſorrow.

Days, that in ſpight
Of Darkneſs, by the Light
Of a cleer mind are Day all Night.

Nights, ſweet as they,
Made ſhort by Lovers play,
Yet long by th' abſence of the Day.

Life, that dares ſend,
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes ſay *Welcome Friend.*

Sydneian ſhowers
Of ſweet diſcourſe, whoſe pow'rs
Can Crown old Winters head with Flow'rs.

Soft ſilken Hours.
Open Sunnes; ſhady Bow'rs,
'Bove all; Nothing within that low'rs.

What e'r Delight
Can make Days forehead bright,
Or give Down to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and Ornament the ſhame.

Her flattery,
Picture and Poeſie.
Her Counſel her own Vertue be.

I wiſh, her ſtore
Of worth, may leave her poor
Of wiſhes; and I wiſh——no more.

Now

Now if Time knows
That her whoſe radiant Brows,
Weave them a Garland of my vows;

Her whoſe juſt Bayes,
My future hopes can raiſe,
A Trophy to her preſent praiſe;

Her that dares be,
What theſe Lines wiſh to ſee:
I ſeek no further, it is ſhe.

'Tis ſhe, and here
Lo I uncloath and clear
My wiſhes cloudy Character.

May ſhe enjoy it,
Whoſe Merit dare apply it,
But Modeſty dares ſtill deny it.

Such Worth as this is,
Shall fixe my flying wiſhes,
And determine them to kiſſes.

Let her full Glory,
My Fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her ſtory.

In Picturam Reverendiſsimi Epiſcopi, D. Andrews.

Hæc charta monſtrat, Fama quem monſtrat magis,
Sed & ipſa nec dum fama quem monſtrat ſatis,
Ille, ille totam ſolus implevit Tubam,
Tot ora ſolus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modeſtam: mentis igneæ pater
Agiliq; radio Lucis æterna vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
Cucurrit Animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhauſit ipſam mille Fœtus Artibus,
Et mille Linguis ipſe ſe in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti ſimul
Cognatus orbi, ſic ſacrum & ſolidum jubar
Saturumq; cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens
Porrexit ignes: hac eum (Lector) vides
Hac (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quoque.

Epitaphim in Dominnm Herrifium.

Siſte te paulum (viator) ubi Longum Siſti
Neceſſe erit, huc nempe properare te ſcias
quocunque properas.
Moræ prætium erit
Et Lachrymæ,
Si jacere hic ſcias
Gulielmum
Splendidæ Herriſiorum familiæ
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixiſſe intellexeris,

Et

Et vixisse tantum;
Discas licet
In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.

Quem { *Infantem, Essexia* —— } *vidit*
{ *Juvenem, Catabrigia* }

Senem, ah infelix utraque
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius.
Utrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec
Dulciss. Lites eluxit Deus,
Eumque cælestis Collegii,
Cujus semper Alumnus fuit
socium fecit;
Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes & gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præside religione.
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem { *Oratoria* *Oratorem* / *Poetica* *Poetam* / *Utraque* *Philosophum* / *Christianum* *Omnes* } *Agnovere.*

Qui { *Fide* *Mundum* / *Spe* *Cælum* / *Charitate* *Proximum* / *Humilitate* *Seipsum* } *Superavit.*

Cujus

Cujus
Sub verna fronte ſenilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, ſeveritas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modeſtia, maxima indoles
adeo ſe occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris & pudicam diſſimulationem:
Imo vero & mortem,
Ecce enim in ipſo funere
Diſſimulare ſe paſſus eſt,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hoſpitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipſo die occubuit quo Eccleſia
Anglicana ad veſperas legit,
Raptus eſt ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus;
Scilicet Id: Octobris, Anno S. 1631.

Principi recèns natæ omen maternæ indolis.

CRefce, O dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O creſce, & propera, Puella Princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles ſubire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cum terror ſacer, Angliciq; magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Late Boſporon, Ottomanicasque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas;
Te tunc altera nec timenda paci,

Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum flos teneri ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim;
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosor Cupido;
O quam certa superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc & inde turmis,
Quoquo jusseris, impigre volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora Principum Magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

In

In Seneriſſimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem.

SErta puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)
Texe mihi facili pollice ſerta, puer.
Quid tu neſcio quos narras mihi, ſtulte, Decembres
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi ſerta, puer..
Nix? & hyems? non eſt noſtras quid tale per oras;
Non eſt: vel ſi ſit, non tamen eſſe poteſt.
Ver agitur: quecunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali ſe palmite regia vitis
Prodit, & in ſacris quæ ſedet uva jugis?
Tam lætis quæ bruma ſolet ridere racemis?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?
O Maria! O divum ſoboles, genitrixque Deorum!
Siccine noſtra tuus tempora ludus erunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida bruma
Sydera, nil madidos ſola morare notos?
Siccine ſub media poterunt tua ſurgere bruma,
Atq; ſuas ſolum lilia noſſe nives?
Ergo vel invitis nivibus, frendentibus Auſtris,
Noſtra novis poterunt regna tumere roſis?
O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto
Tempora ſub ſignis non ſinis ire ſuis!
O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ triſtia mundi
Murmura tam dulci ſub ditione teres!
Perge precor noſtris vim pulchram ferre Calendis:
Perge precor menſes ſic numerare tuos.
Perge intempeſtiva atque importuna videri;
Inque uteri titulos ſic rape cuncta tui.
Sit nobis ſit ſæpe hyemes ſic cernere noſtras
Exheredatas floribus ire tuis.

Sæpe ſit has vernas hyemes Majoſq; Decembres,
Has per te roſeas ſæpe videre nives.
Altera gens varium per ſydera computet annum,
Atq; ſuos ducant per vaga ſigna dies.
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin noſtrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sit tuus ille uterus noſtri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus & in titulos tanſeat omne tuos.
Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina menſis?
Aut qua tam poſſet candidus ire toga?
Hanc laurum Junius ſibi vertice vellet utroque;
Hanc ſibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.
Tota ſuam (vere expulſo) reſpublica florum
Reginam cuperent te, ſobolemve tuam.
O bona ſors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menſes
Hic mihi Carolides, *hic* Marianus *erit!*

Ad Reginam.

ET vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:
Tempus erat, ne qua tibi baſia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina ne collo ſit minus apta tuo.
Scilicet ille tuus, timor & ſpes ille ſuorum,
Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enſes
Jam patris magis eſt, jam magis ille ſuus.
Indolis O ſtimulos! vix dum illi tranſiit infans;
Jamque ſibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
Improbus ille ſuis adeo negat ire ſub annis:
Jam nondum puer eſt, major & eſt puero.

Si

Si quis in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem docta cuſpide luſit acus,
Hoſtis (io!) eſt; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hoſtem:
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
Tunc haſta gravis adverſum ſurit; haſta bacillum eſt:
Mox falſum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
Stat leo, ceu ſtupeat tali bene fixus ab hoſte;
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: neſcire fatetur
Mars *ne ſub his oculis eſſet, an eſſet* Amor.
Quippe illic Mars *eſt, ſed qui bene poſſit amari;*
Eſt & Amor *certe, ſed metuendus Amor:*
Talis Amor, *talis* Mars *eſt ibi cernere; qualis*
Seu puer hic eſſet, ſive vir ille Deus.
Hic tibi jam ſcitus ſuccedit in oſcula fratris,
Res (ecce!) in luſus non operoſa tuos.
Baſia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor.
En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic eſt:
Hic ad blanditias eſt tibi cera ſatis.
Salve infans, tot baſiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
O ſalve! Nam te nato, puer aureæ, natus
Et Carolo *&* Mariæ *tertius eſt oculus.*

In faciem Auguſtiſſ. Regis à morbillis integram.

MUſa redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noſter
En redit, ore ſuo noſter Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc ſuus, & vultu ſua purpura tantum
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.

Tune

Tune illas violare genas? tune illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipsa sedet radiis O bene tuta suis:
Quippe illic Deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum;
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quod facie Rex tutus erat, Quod cætera tactus:
Hinc hominem *Rex est fassus, & inde* Deum.

Rex Redux.

ILLe redit, redit. *Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt;*
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Forte roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:
Anne perrerati male fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
Hospitiis an nimii rursus sibi conscia tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.
Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.
Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
(Falsa pericla solet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
(Vera pericla solet temnere verus amor)

Illi

Illi falſa timens, ſibi vera pericula temnens,
Non ſolum eſt fidus, ſed quoque fortis amor.
Interea noſtri ſatis ille eſt cauſa triumphi:
Et ſatis (ah!) noſtri cauſa doloris erat.
Cauſa doloris erat Carolus, ſoſpes licet eſſet;
Anglia quod ſaltem diſcere poſſet, Abeſt.
Et ſatis eſt noſtri Carolus nunc cauſa triumphi:
Dicere quod ſaltem poſſumus, Ille redit.

Ad Principem nondum natum.

NAſcere nunc; O nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) morabere menſes?
Rex redit, *Ipſe veni, & dic bone,* Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave *noſtrum? quid noſtri verba triumphi?*
Vagitu melius dixeris iſta tuo.
At maneas tamen: & nobis nova cauſa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova cauſa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova naſcitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipſe redit.

CARMEN

Ad Principem nondum natum.

Nascere nunc O nunc! quid enim, puer alme, morari?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) mora here menses?
Rex redit, ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba triumphi?
Vagitu melius dixerit ista tuo.
At maneas tamen: & nobis nova causa triumphi
Sic demum fueris, nec nova causa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
Revera totiens Carolus ipse redit.

CARMEN
DEO NOSTRO,
Te Decet HYMNUS.

SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED,
CORRECTED,
AUGMENTED,
Most Humbly PRESENTED,

TO
MY LADY
THE
COUNTESSE
OF
DENBIGH.

By her Most devoted Servant
RICH. CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgement of his immortal Obligation to her Goodneſs and Charity.

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CARMEN
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CRASHAWE,

THE

ANAGRAM

HE WAS CAR.

WAs Car *then* Crashaw, *or was* Crashaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashaw, *he* Car; *'tis Love alone*
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashaw's *still the same: so much desired*
By strongest Wits; so honor'd so admired;
Car Was *but* He *that enter'd as a friend*
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did commend
(While yet he liv'd) this Work; they lov'd each other:
Sweet Crashaw *was his friend; he* Crashaws *Brother:*
So Car *hath Title then; 'twas his intent*
That what his Riches pen'd, poor Car *should Print;*
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all; disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all:
Nor would he give, nor take offence; befal
What Might; he would possess himself: and live
As dead (devoid of interest) t' all might give
Disease t' his well composed mind; forestall'd
With Heavenly Riches: which had wholly call'd

His

His thoughts from Earth, to live above in th' Air
A very Bird of Paradiſe. No care
Had he of earthly traſh. What might ſuffice
To fit his ſoul to Heavenly exerciſe.
Sufficed him; and may we gueſs his hart
By what his Lips bring forth, his onely part
Is God and Godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found then ſought.
He ſeeks no Downs, no Sheets, his Bed's ſtill made
If he can find, a Chair or Stool, he's laid,
When day peeps in, he quits his reſtleſs reſt;
And ſtill, poor ſoul, before he's up he's dreſt.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to dye
In th' Virgins Lap, to whom he did apply
His Virgin thoughts and words, and thence was ſtyl'd
By foes, the Chaplain of the Virgin mild
While yet he liv'd without: his Modeſty
Imparted this to ſome, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear ſoul; injoy thy reſt
Eternally by pains thou purchaſedſt,
While Car muſt live in Care; who was thy friend
Nor cares he how he live, ſo in the end,
He may injoy his deareſt Lord and thee;
And ſit and ſing more skilful ſongs Eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

TO THE
Nobleſt and beſt of
LADIES.
THE
COUNTESSE
OF
DENBIGH:

Perſwading her to Reſolution in Religion, and to render her ſelf without further delay ino the Communion of the Catholick Church.

WHat Heaven-intreated Heart is this?
Stands trembling at the Gate of Bliſs;
Holds faſt the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whoſe Definition is a doubt
'Twixt Life and Death, 'twixt in and out.

Say

Say, lingring fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave Soul ſo ſlowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you ſtrong
In weakneſs) why you chooſe ſo long
In labor of your ſelf to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd Soul! a ſlow
And late conſent was a long no,
Who grants at laſt, long time try'd
And did his beſt to have deny'd,
What Magick bolts, what Myſtick Barrs
Maintain the Will in theſe ſtrange Warrs!
What fatal, what fantaſtick Bands,
Keep the free Heart from its own Hands!
So when the year takes cold, we ſee
Poor Waters their own Priſoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up faſt they ly
In a ſad ſelf-captivity,
Th' aſtoniſht Nymphs their floods ſtrange fate deplore
To ſee themſelves their own ſeverer ſhore.
Thou that alone canſt thaw this cold,
And fetch the Heart from its ſtrong Hold;
Almighty Love! end this long War,
And of a Meteor make a Star.
O fix this fair Indefinite
And mongſt thy ſhafts of Soveraign light
Chooſe out that ſure deciſive Dart
Which has the Key of this cloſe Heart,
Knows all the corners of't, and can controul
The ſelf-ſhut Cabinet of an unſearcht ſoul.
O let it be at laſt, Love's hour;
Raiſe this tall Trophee of thy Pow'r;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this Rebel-word, *Irreſolute*,

That

That ſo, in ſpight of all this peeviſh ſtrength
Of weakneſs, ſhe may write *Reſolv'd at Length.*
Unfold at length, unfold fair Flow'r
And uſe the ſeaſon of Love's ſhow'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wiſe Heart!
And haſte to drink the wholſome Dart;
That Healing ſhaft, which Heav'n till now
Has in Loves Quiver hid for you,
O Dart of Love! Arrow of Light!
O happy you, if it hit right,
It muſt not fall in vain, it muſt
Not mark the dry regardleſs duſt.
Fair one, it is your Fate, and brings
Eternal Words upon its Wings.
Meet it with wide-ſpread Arms; and ſee
It's ſeat your ſoul's juſt center be.
Disband dull fears; give faith the day,
To ſave your life, kill your delay;
It is Loves Siege, and ſure to be
Your triumph, though his Victory.
'Tis cowardiſe that keeps this Field,
And want of Courage not to yield.
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The Fort at laſt, and let Life in.
Yield quickly, leſt perhaps you prove
Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
This Fort of your fair ſelf, if 't be not won,
He is repulſt indeed, but you'r undone.

To the Name above every Name, the Name of JESUS, *A Hymn.*

I Sing the Name which none can say
But touch't with an interiour Ray;
The name of our new Peace; our Good:
Our Bliſſe, and ſupernatural Blood:
The name of all our Lives and Loves.
Hearken, and help, ye Holy Doves!
The high-born Brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of bliſsful Light,
The Heirs Elect of Love; whoſe Names belong
Unto the everlaſting life of Song;
All ye wiſe ſouls, who in the wealthy Breſt
Of this unbounded Name build your warm Neſt.
Awake, my Glory, Soul, (if ſuch thou be,
And that fair Word at all refer to thee)
Awake and Sing
And be all Wing;
Bring hither thy whole Self; and let me ſee,
What of thy Parent Heav'n yet ſpeaks in Thee.
O thou art Poor,
Of Noble Pow'rs, I ſee,
And full of nothing elſe but empty Me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely leſs
Then this great Mornings mighty buſineſs.
One little World or two
(Alas) will never do;
We muſt have ſtore.
Go, Soul, out of thy ſelf, and ſeek for More,
Go and requeſt

Great

Great Nature for the Key of her huge Cheſt
Of Heav'ns, the ſelf-involving Set of Sphears
(Which dull Mortality more feels then hears)
Then rouſe the neſt
Of nimble Art, and traverſe round
The Airy ſhop of Soul-appeaſing ſound:
And beat a ſummons in the ſame
All-Soveraign Name.
To warn each ſeveral kind
And ſhape of ſweetneſs, be they ſuch
As ſigh with ſupple wind
Or anſwer Artful touch,
That they convene and come away
To wait at the Love-Crowned Doors of that
Illuſtrious Day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'l do't and bring
No other Note for't, but the Name we ſing.
Wake Lute and Harp
And every ſweet-lipp'd thing
That talks with Tuneful ſtring;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a haſty fit-tun'd harmony.
Nor muſt you think it much
T' obey my bolder touch;
I have authority in Love's Name to take you
And to the work of Love this morning wake you;
Wake; in the Name
Of Him who never ſleeps, all things that are,
Or what's the ſame,
Are Muſical;
Anſwer my Call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal Song.

Come, ye ſoft Miniſters of ſweet ſad mirth,
Bring all your Houſhold-ſtuff of Heav'n on Earth;
O you, my Soul's moſt certain Wings,
Complaining Pipes, and pratling ſtrings,
Bring all the ſtore
Of Sweets you have; and murmur that you have
no more.
Come, ne'r to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come ſtrong,
To the conſpiracy of our ſpacious ſong.
Bring all the Pow'rs of Praiſe
Your Provinces of well-united Worlds can raiſe;
Bring all your Lutes and Harps of Heav'n and Earth;
What e'r cooperates to the common mirth
Veſſels of vocal joys,
Or you, more Noble Architects of intellectual noiſe,
Cymballs of Heav'n, or Humane ſphears,
Solliciters of Souls or Ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call;
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Your ſelves into the long
And everlaſting ſeries of a deathleſs Song;
Mix all your many Worlds, above,
And looſe them into One of Love.
Chear thee my Heart!
For thou too haſt thy part
And place in the great Throng
Of this unbounded all-imbracing Song.
Pow'rs of my Soul, be proud!
And ſpeak loud

To all the dear-bought Nations this Redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich Word proclaim
New Similes to Nature.
May it be no wrong
Bleſt Heav'ns, to you, and your Superior ſong,
That we, dark Sons of Duſt and Sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your Delights and our Deſires,
And fit it to ſo farr inferior Lyres.
Our Murmurs have their Muſick too,
Ye Mighty Orbs, as well as you,
Nor yields the Nobleſt neſt
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,
A choicer Leſſon then the joyful Breſt
Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove.
And we, low Worms have leave to do
The ſame bright buſineſs (ye third Heav'ns) with you.
Gentle Spirits, do not complain;
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And ſend it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name! appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful Light;
Look from thine own illuſtrious home,
Fair King of Names, and come:
Leave all thy Native Glories in their gorgeous Neſt,
And give thy ſelf a while the gracious Gueſt.
Of humble Souls, that ſeek to find
The hidden Sweets
Which man's heart meets
When thou art Maſter of the Mind.
Come, Lovely Name; life of our hope!
Lo we hold our Hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy Cabinet of Day

Deareſt Sweet, and come away.
Lo how the thirſty Lands
Gaſp for thy golden ſhowrs! with long ſtretch't hands.
Lo how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee,
Leaps at thy Birth.
Th' attending World, to wait thy Riſe,
Firſt turn'd to Eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do;
Turn'd them to Tears, and ſpent them too,
Come Royal Name; and pay th' expence
Of all this precious patience.
O come away
And kill the Death of this Delay.
O ſee, ſo many Worlds of barren years
Melted and Meaſur'd out in Seas of Tears.
O ſee the weary Lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's Eaſtern windows) all wide ope
With Curtains drawn,
To catch the Day-break of thy Dawn.
O dawn, at laſt, long-look't for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring Spirits that throng
Like diligent Bees, and ſwarm about it.
O they are wiſe:
And know what Sweets are ſuck't from out it.
It is the Hive,
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of Honey lies.
Lo where it comes, upon the ſnowy Doves
Soft back; and brings a boſome big with Loves.
Welcome to our dark World, thou

Womb

Womb of Day!
Unfold thy fair Conceptions; and diſplay
The Birth of our bright joys.
O thou compacted
Body of Bleſſings: Spirit of Souls extracted!
O diſſipate thy ſpicy Powr's
(Cloud of condenſed ſweets) and break upon us
In balmy ſhowrs;
O fill our ſenſes, and take from us
All force of ſo prophane a Fallacy
To think ought ſweet but that which ſmells of thee.
Fair, Flowry Name; in none but thee
And thy Nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An univerſal Synod of all Sweets;
By whom it is defined Thus
That no Perfume
For ever ſhall preſume
To paſs for oderiferous,
But ſuch alone whoſe ſacred Pedigree
Can prove it ſelf ſome kin (ſweet name) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in thy each Syllable
A thouſand Bleſt Arabias dwell;
A Thouſand Hills of Frankincenſe;
Mountains of myrrh, and Beds of Spices,
And Ten thouſand Paradiſes.
The Soul that taſts thee takes from thence
How many unknown Worlds there are
Of Comforts, which thou haſt in keeping!
How many thouſand Mercies there
In Pity's ſoft Lap lie a ſleeping!
Happy he who has the Art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his Heart,

O that it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave Glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the Face
Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a Grave.
On their bold Brests about the World they bore thee
And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,
In Center of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where Racks and Torments striv'd in vain to reach thee.
Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair Brests of thy Friends,
Their Fury but made way
For thee; and serv'd them in thy Glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Inlarge thy flaming brested Lovers
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers,
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For thee: fair purple Doors, of Love's devising;
The Ruby windows which inrich't the *East*
Of thy so oft repeated Rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of Love oreflow'd the bounds
Of Wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome Dear, All-Adored Name!
For sure there is no Knee
That knows not thee.
Or if there be such Sons of shame,
Alas what will they do
When stubborn Rocks shall bow

And

And Hills hang down their Heav'n-ſaluting Heads
To ſeek for humble Beds
Of Duſt, where in the baſhful ſhades of night
Next to their own low Nothing they may lye,
And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread Majeſty.
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore the,
Shall then with juſt Confuſion, bow
And break before thee.

In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God, a Hymn ſung as by the Three Kings.

1. *KING.*

BRight Babe, whoſe awful Beauties make
The morn incurr a ſweet miſtake;
2. For whom th' officious Heav'ns deviſe
To diſinherit the Suns Riſe,
3. Delicately to diſplace
The Day, and plant it fairer in thy Face;
1. O thou born King of Loves,
2. Of Lights,
3 Of Joys.
Cho. Look up. Sweet Babe, look up, and ſee
For love of thee
Thus far from home
The *Eaſt* is come
To ſeek her ſelf in thy ſweet Eyes.
1, We, who ſtrangely went aſtray,
Loſt in a bright
Meridian night,
2. A Darkneſs made of too much Day,

3 Becken'd from far
By thy fair Star,
Lo at last have found our way.

Cho. To Thee, thou Day of Night; thou *East* of *West*!
Lo we at last have found the way
To thee, the Worlds great Universal *East*;
The general and indifferent day.

1 All-circling point, All-centring sphere,
The World's One, Round, Eternal year.
2 Whose full and all-unwrinkled face
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;
3 But every where, and every while
Is one consistent solid smile;
1. Not vext and tost
2. 'Twixt Spring and Frost,
3 Nor by alternate shreds of Light
Sordidly shifting hands with Shades and Night.

Cho. O little all, in thy embrace
The World lies warm, and likes his place;
Nor does his full Globe fail to be
Kist on both his Cheeks by thee:
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole World thy half-Sphere.

1 To thee, to thee
From him we flee
2 From him, whom by a more illustrious lye,
The blindness of the World did call the Eye;
3 To him, who by these mortal Clouds hast made
Thy Self our Sun, though thine own Shade.

2 Farewel, the World's false Light;
Farewel, the white
Egypt, a long farewel to thee
Bright Idol; black Idolatry.

The dire face of inferiour darkneſs, kiſt
And courted in the pompous Maſk of a more ſpecious Miſt.
2 Farwell, farewell
The proud and miſplac't Gates of Hell,
Perch't, in the morning's way
And double-guilded as the doors of Day;
The deep Hypocriſie of Death and Night
More deſperately dark, becauſe more bright.
3 Welcome, the World's ſure way;
Heav'ns wholſome Ray.
Cho. Welcome to us; and we
Sweet to our ſelves, in thee.
1 The deathleſs Heir of all thy Fathers day;
2 Decently born,
Emboſom'd in a much more Roſie Morn,
The Bluſhes of thy all-unblemiſh't Mother.
3 No more that other
Aurora ſhall ſet ope
Her Ruby Caſements, or hereafter hope
From mortal Eyes
To meet Religious welcomes at her Riſe.
Cho. We (pretious ones) in you have won
A gentler Morn, a juſter Sun.
1 His ſuperficial Beams Sun-burn't our skin;
2 But left within
3 The night and Winter ſtill of Death and Sin.
Cho. Thy ſofter yet more certain Darts
Spare our Eyes, but pierce our Hearts.
1 Therefore with his proud Perſian ſpoils
2 We court thy more concerning ſmiles.
3 Therefore with his diſgrace
We guild the humble Cheek of this chaſt place;
Cho. And at thy Feet pour forth his Face,

1 The doating Nations now no more
Shall any day but thine adore.
2 Nor (much leſs) ſhall they leave theſe Eyes
For cheap Egyptian Deities.
3 In whatſoe'r more Sacred ſhape
Of Ram, He-Goat, or Reverend Ape,
Thoſe beauteous raviſhers oppreſt ſo ſore
The too-hard-tempted Nations.
1 Never more
By wanton Heyfer ſhall be worn
2 A Garland, or a guilded Horn.
The Altar-ſtall'd Ox, fat Oſyris now
With his fair Siſter Cow,
3 Shall kick the Clouds no more; but lean and tame.
Cho. See his horn'd Face, and dy for ſhame,
And *Mithra* now ſhall be no name.
1. No longer ſhall the immodeſt Luſt
Of adulterous Godles duſt
2 Fly in the face of Heav'n; as if it were
The poor World's Fault that he is fair.
3 Nor with perverſe Loves and Religious Rapes
Revenge thy Bounties in their beauteous ſhapes;
And puniſh beſt things worſt; becauſe they ſtood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1 Proud ſons of death that durſt compel
Heav'n it ſelf to find them Hell;
2 And by ſtrange wit of madneſs wreſt
From this World's *Eaſt* the other's *Weſt*.
3 All-Idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
And urge their Sun into thy Cloud;
Forcing his ſometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.
Cho. Alas with how much heavier ſhade

The ſhamfac't Lamp hung down his head,
For that one Eclipſe he made,
Then all thoſe he ſuffered!
1 For this he lookt ſo big, and every morn
With a red face confeſt this ſcorn;
Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hir'd miſt
Kept them from being ſo unkindly kiſt
2 It was for this the day did riſe
So oft with blubber'd Eyes.
For this the Evening wept; and we ne'r knew
But call'd it Dew.
3 This daily wrong
Silenc't the morning Sons, and dampt their ſong
Cho. Nor was't our deafneſs, but our ſins, that thus
Long made th' Harmonious orbs all mute to us.
2 Time has a day in ſtore
When this ſo proudly poor
And ſelf-oppreſſed ſpark, that has ſo long
By the love-ſick World been made
Not ſo much their Sun as Shade,
Weary of this Glorious wrong,
From them and from himſelf ſhall flee
For ſhelter to the ſhadow of thy Tree;
Cho. Proud to have gain'd this precious loſs
And chang'd his falſe Crown for thy Croſs.
2 That dark day's clear doom ſhall define
Whoſe is the Maſter Fire, which Sun would ſhine;
That ſable iudgement-ſeat ſhall by new laws
Decide and ſettle the Great cauſe
Of controverted light,
Cho. And natur's wrongs rejoyce to do thee right.
3 That forfeiture of noon to night ſhall pay
All the idolatrous Thefts done by this night of day;
And the great Penitent preſs his own pale Lips
With an elaborate Love-eclipſe

To

To which the low world's Laws
Shall lend no cauſe
Cho. Save thoſe domeſtick which he borrows
From our ſins and his own ſorrows.
1 Three ſad hours ſackcloth then ſhall ſhow to us
His pennance, as our fault, conſpicuous.
2 And he more needfully and nobly prove
The Nation's terror now then erſt their love,
3 Their hated loves chang'd into wholſom fears.
Cho. The ſhutting of his Eye ſhall open theirs.
2 As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day
Miſ-led before they loſt their way,
So ſhall they, by the ſeaſonable fright
Of an unſeaſonable night,
Looſing it once again, ſtumble on true Light,
2 And as before his too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindneſs now ſhall be
Their black, but faithful perſpective of thee;
3 His new prodigious night,
Their new and admirable light;
The ſupernatural Dawn of thy pure day,
While wondring they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their ſin)
Shall henceforth ſee
To kiſs him only as their rod
Whom they ſo long courted as God,
Cho. And their beſt uſe of him they worſhip't be
To learn, of him at leſt, to worſhip thee.
2 It was their Weakneſs woo'd his Beauty;
But it ſhall be
Their wiſdom now, as well as duty,

T'injoy

T' injoy his Blot; and as a large black Letter
Use it to spel thy Beauties Better;
And make the night it self their torch to thee.

2 By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch't in that conscious shade
The right ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous guess invade
And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see
On this dark Ground
To descant thee.

3 O price of the rich Spirit! with that fierce chase
Of this strong Soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty Face,
And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious Cloud;
Once call'd a Sun;
Till dearly thus undone,

Cho. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two
Twin-Suns!) and taught now to negotiate you.

1 Thus shall that reverend Child of light,
2 By being Scholar first of that new night,
Come forth Great Master of the mistick day;
3 And teach obscure Mankind a more close way
By the frugal negative Light
Of a most wise and well-abused Night,
To read more legible thine original Ray,

Cho. And make our darkness serve thy day;
Maintaining 'twixt thy World and ours
A commerce of contrary pow'rs,
A mutual Trade
'Twixt Sun and Shade,
By confederate Black and White
Borrowing Day and lending Night.

1 Thus we, who when with all the Noble powr's
That (at thy coſt) are call'd, not vainly, ours;
We vow to make brave way
Upwards, and preſs on for the pure intelligential prey;
2 At leſt to play
The amorous ſpies
And peep and proffer at thy ſparkling Throne;
3 Inſtead of bringing in the bliſsful Prize
And faſtning on thine Eyes,
Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loſs, at leſt of brain;
Cho. Now by abaſed Lids ſhall learn to be
Eagles; and ſhut our Eyes that we may ſee.

The Cloſe.

Therefore to thee and thine auſpicious ray
(Dread ſweet!) lo thus
At leſt by us,
The delegated Eye of Day
Does firſt his Scepter, then himſelf in ſolemn Tribute pay.
Thus he undreſſes
His ſacred unſhorn Treſſes;
At thy adored Feet, thus, he lays down
1 His gorgeous tire
Of Flame and Fire,
2 His glittering Robe, 3 His ſparkling Crown,
3 His Gold, 2 His Mirrh, 3. His Frankincence,
Cho. To which he now has no pretence.
For being ſhow'd by this days light, how far
He is from Sun enough to make thy Star,
His beſt ambition now, is but to be
Somthing a brighter ſhadow (Sweet) of thee;

Or

Or on Heav'ns azure forehead high to ſtand
Thy Golden Index; with a duteous Hand
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The World's and his Hyperion.

To the Queen's Majeſty on Twelfth-day.

MADAM,

'Mongſt thoſe long rows of Crowns that guild your Race.
Theſe Royal ſages ſue for decent place.
The day-break of the Nations; their firſt ray;
When the dark World dawn'd into Chriſtian day.
And ſmil'd i'th Babes bright face, the purpling Bud
And Roſy dawn of the right Royal Blood;
Fair firſt-fruits of the Lamb; ſure Kings in this;
They took a Kingdom while they gave a kiſs,
But the World's Homage, ſcarce in theſe well blown,
We read in you (Rare Queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich ſeed of Diadems
Does riſe a radiant crop of Royal ſtems,
A Golden Harveſt of Crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kiſſes from the Lambs white feet.
In this illuſtrious throng, your lofty ſloud
Swels high, fair confluence of all highborn Bloud:
With your bright head whoſe groves of Scepters bend
Their wealthy tops; and for theſe feet contend.
So ſwore the Lambs dread Sire, and ſo we ſee't,
Crowns, and the Heads they kiſs muſt court theſe Feet.
Fix here fair Majeſty! may your heart ne'r miſs
To reap new Crowns and Kingdoms from that kiſs;

Nor

Nor may we miſs the joy to meet in you
The aged honors of this day ſtill new.
May the great time, in you, ſtill greater be
While all the year is your Epiphany,
While your each day's Devotion duly brings
Three Kingdoms to ſupply this days three Kings.

The Office of the Holy Croſs: For the hour of Matins.

The Verſicle.

Lord, by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign,

The Reſponſory.

Defend us from our Foes and Thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my Lips, O Lord.
Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.
Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me.
Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me.
Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghoſt:
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever ſhall be, world without end, *Amen.*

THE HYMN.

THe wakeful Matines haſte to ſing,
The unknown ſorrows of our King,
The Father's Word and Wiſdome, made
Man, for Man, by Man's betraid;
The world's price ſet to ſale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin; is bought and ſold;
Of his beſt Friends (yea of himſelf) forſaken,
By his worſt foes (becauſe he would) beſieg'd and taken.

The

The Antiphon.

All hail, fair Tree.
Whoſe Fruit we be.
What Song ſhall raiſe
Thy ſeemly praiſe.
Who brought it to light
Life out of Death, Day out of night.

The Verſicle.

Lo, we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Reſponſor.

'Cauſe by the Covenant of thy Croſs,
Thou haſt ſav'd at once the whole World's loſs.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Son of the living God! interpoſe, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Croſs and Paſſion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchſafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remiſſion and reſt: to thy Church peace and concord; to us ſinners life and glory everlaſting. Who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father, in the Unity of the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

For the hour of Prime.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign.

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my Lips, O Lord.
Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.
Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me.
Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me.
Glory be to, *&c.*
As it was in, *&c.*

THE HYMN.

THe early Prime bluſhes to ſay
She could not riſe ſo ſoon, as they
Call'd *Pilate* up, to try if he
Could lend them any Cruelty.
Their Hands with laſhes arm'd, their Tongues with lyes,
And loathſome Spittle blot thoſe beauteous Eyes,
The bliſsful ſprings of Joy, from whoſe all-chearing ray
The fair Stars fill their wakeful fires, the Sun himſelf drinks day.

The Antiphon.

Victorious Sign
That now doſt ſhine,
Tranſcrib'd above
Into the Land of Light and Love;
O let us twine
Our Roots with thine,

That

That we may riſe
Upon thy Wings and reach the Skies.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before thee

The Reſponſor.

'Cauſe by the Covenant of thy Croſs
Thou haſt ſav'd at once the whole world's loſs.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Son of the living God! interpoſe, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Croſs and Paſſion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchſafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remiſſion and reſt; to thy Church peace and concord; to us ſinners, life and glory everlaſting. Who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

The Third.

The Verſicle.

Lord, by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

℣. Thou ſhalt open my Lips, O Lord,
℟. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.
℣. O God make ſpeed to ſave me.
℟. O Lord make haſte to help me.
℣. Glory be to, *&c.*
℟. As it was in the, *&c.*

THE HYMN.

THe Third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of Crucify him, Crucify.
So goes the vote (nor ask them, why!)
Live *Barabbas*! and let God dy.
But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
A Hall more cruel then their Crucify,
For while in ſport he wears a ſpiteful Crown,
The ſerious ſhow'rs along his decent Face run ſadly down.

The Antiphon.

Chriſt when he dy'd
Deceiv'd the Croſs,
And on Death's ſide
Threw all the loſs.
The captive World awak't, and found
The Priſoner looſe, the Jaylor bound.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before thee

The Reſponſor.

'Cauſe by the Covenant of thy Croſs
Thou haſt ſav'd at once the whole World's loſs

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Son of the living God! interpoſe, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Croſs and Paſſion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchſafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remiſſion and reſt; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us ſinners, life and glory everlaſting,

Who

Who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

The SIXTH.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign,

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my lips, O Lord,
Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.
Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me,
Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me.
Ver. Glory be to, *&c:*
Reſ. As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

NOw is the Noon of ſorrow's night;
High in his patience as their ſpight.
Lo the faint Lamb, with weary Limb
Bears that huge Tree which muſt bear him,
That fatal Plant ſo great of Fame
For fruit of ſorrow and of ſhame,
Shall ſwell with both for him; and mix
All woes into one Crucifix.
Is tortur'd Thirſt it ſelf, too ſweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks ſhall make it up.
Are Nails blunt Pens of ſuperficial ſmart?
Contempt and ſcorn can ſend ſure wounds to ſearch the inmoſt Heart.

The Antiphon.

O dear and ſweet diſpute
'Twixt death's and Love's far different Fruit!
Different as far
As Antidotes and Poiſons are.
By that firſt fatal Tree
Both Life and Liberty
Were ſold and ſlain;
By this they both look up, and live again.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Reſponſor.

'Cauſe by the covenant of thy Croſs.
Thou haſt ſav'd the World from certain loſs.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, ſon of the living God! interpoſe, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Croſs and Paſſion, betwixt my ſoul and thy judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchſafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remiſsion and reſt; to thy church peace and concord, to us ſinners, life and glory everlaſting. Who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghoſt, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

The NINTH.

The Verſicle.

Lord by thy ſweet and ſaving Sign,

The Reſponſor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou ſhalt open my lips, O Lord,

Reſ. And my mouth ſhall declare thy praiſe.

Ver. O God make ſpeed to ſave me,

Reſ. O Lord make haſte to help me

Glory be to, *&c.*

As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

THe Ninth with awful horror hark'ned to thoſe groans
Which taught attention even to Rocks and Stones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at laſt) complains
Of ſome more painful thing then all his pains.
Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies
His own Lov's, and our ſin's great Sacrifice.
The Sun ſaw that; and would have ſeen no more
The Center ſhook, her uſeleſs veil th' inglorious Temple tore.

The Antiphon.

O ſtrange myſterious ſtrife
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the croſs my King did bleed,
Life ſeem'd to die, Death dy'd indeed.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and fall
thus low before thee

The

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of thy Cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living God! interpose pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgement, now and in the hour of my death: and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting: who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

Even-Song.

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord,
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Ver Glory be to, *&c.*
Res. As it was in, *&c.*

The HYMN.

BUt there were Rocks would not relent at this,
Lo, for their own hearts they rend His.

Their

Their deadly hate lives ſtill, and hath
A wild reſerve of wanton wrath;
Superfluous Spear! but there's a Heart ſtands by
Will look no wounds be loſt, no death ſhall dy.
Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, Great Mother-maid!
Then ſit thee down, and ſing thy Ev'n-ſong in the ſad
Trees ſhade.

The Antiphon.

O ſad, ſweet Tree!
Woful and joyful we
Both weep and ſing in ſhade of thee,
When the dear Nails did lock
And graft into thy gracious Stock
The hope, the health,
The worth, the wealth
Of all the ranſom'd World, thou hadſt the power
(In that propitious hour)
To poiſe each precious Limb,
And prove how light the World was when it weigh'd
with Him.
Wide maiſt thou ſpred
Thine Arms; and with thy bright and blisful head
O'rlook all *Libanus*. Thy lofty crown
The King himſelf is, thou his humble Throne.
Where yielding, and yet conquering he
Prov'd a new path of patient victory.
When wondring death by death was ſlain,
And our Captivity his Captive ta'ne.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Reſponſor.

Cauſe by the covenant of thy Croſs
Thou haſt ſav'd the World from certain loſs.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living, *&c.*

COMPLINE.

The Versicle.

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign.

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
Ver. O God make speed to save me.
Res. O Lord make haste to help me.
Ver. Glory be to, *&c.*
Res. As it was in. *&c.*

The HYMN

THe Compline hour comes last, to call
Us to our own Live's funeral.
Ah hartless task! yet hope takes head;
And lives in him that here lies dead.
Run, *Mary*, run! bring hither all the Blest
Arabia, for thy Royal Phenix's nest;
Pour on thy Noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter Body, shall indeed be such.
But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd Grave
Who lendst to all things all the life they have.
O rather use this Heart, thus far a fitter Stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine own.

Amen.

The Antiphon.

O ſave us then
Merciful King of men!
Since thou wouldſt needs be thus
A Saviour, and at ſuch a rate, for us;
Save us, O ſave us, Lord.
We now will own no ſhorter wiſh, nor name a narrower word,
Thy blood bids us be bold.
Thy wounds give us fair hold.
Thy ſorrows chide our ſhame.
Thy Croſs, thy Nature, and thy Name
Advance our claim
And cry with one accord,
Save them, O ſave them, Lord.

The Verſicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee.

The Reſponſor.

'Cauſe by the covenant of thy Croſs,
Thou haſt ſav'd the world from certain loſs.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Son of, *&c.*

The RECOMMENDATION.

THeſe Hours, and that which hovers o'r my end,
Into thy Hands, and Heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
In that hour and in theſe, may be all thine.

That

That as I dedicate my devouteſt Breath
To make a kind of Life for my Lords Death,

So from his living, and life-giving Death,
My dying Life may draw a new, and never-fleeting Breath.

VEXILLA REGIS,

The Hymn of the Holy Croſs.

1.

LOok up, languiſhing ſoul! Lo where the fair
Badge of thy Faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'r forget
Thy Life is one long Debt
Of Love to Him, who on this painful Tree
Paid back the Fleſh he took for thee.

2.

Lo, how the ſtreams of Life from that full Neſt
Of Loves, thy Lord's too liberal Breſt,
Flow in an amorous Floud
Of Water wedding Bloud.
With theſe he waſh't thy ſtain, transfer'd thy ſmart,
And took it home to his own heart.

3.

But though great Love, greedy of ſuch ſad gain
Uſurp't the portion of thy pain,

And

And from the Nails and Spear
Turn'd the ſteel point of Fear,
Their uſe is chang'd, not loſt; and now they move
Not ſtings of Wrath, but wounds of Love.

4.

Tall Tree of Life! thy Truth makes good
What was till now ne'r underſtood,
Though the prophetick King
Struck loud his faithful ſtring.
It was thy wood he meant ſhould make the Throne
For a more then *Salomon.*

5.

Large throne of Love! Royally ſpred
With purple of too rich a Red.
Thy crime is too much duty;
Thy burthen too much Beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy coſtly Excellence with thy Kings own Blood.

6.

Even ballance of both Worlds! our World of ſin,
And that of Grace Heav'n weigh'd in Him,
Us with our price thou weighedſt;
Our price for us thou payedſt;
Soon as the right-hand ſcale rejoyc't to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light then Love.

7.

Hail, our alone Hope! let thy fair Head ſhoot
Aloft; and fill the Nations with thy Noble fruit.

The

The while our hearts and we
Thus graft our ſelves on thee;
Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increaſe
The ſinner's pardon and the juſt man's peace.

Live, O for ever Live and Reign
The Lamb whom his own Love has ſlain!
And let thy loſt ſheep live t' inherit
That Kingdom which this Croſs did merit. *Amen.*

Charitas Nimia.

Or the dear Bargain.

LOrd, what is Man? why ſhould he coſt thee
So dear? what had his ruine loſt thee?
Lord, what is Man? that thou haſt over-bought
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I ſee, and can
Make but a ſimple Merchant man.
'Twas for ſuch ſorry Merchandiſe,
Bold Painters have put out his Eyes.

Alas, ſweet Lord, what wer't to thee
If there were no ſuch Worms as we?
Heav'n ne'rtheleſs ſtill Heav'n would be.
Should Mankind dwell
In the deep Hell,
What have his Woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep
O'r his own wounds:
Seraphims will not ſleep
Nor Sphears let fall their faithful rounds.

Still

Still would the youthful Spirits ſing,
And ſtill thy ſpacious Palace ring,
Still would thoſe beauteous Miniſters of Light
Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee,
Still Thrones and Dominations would adore thee
Still would thoſe ever-wakeful ſons of fire
Keep warm thy praiſe
Both nights and days,
And teach thy lov'd name to their Noble Lyre.

Let froward Duſt then do its kind;
And give it ſelf for ſport to the proud wind.
Why ſhould a piece of peeviſh Clay plead ſhares
In the Eternity of thy old cares?
Why ſhouldſt thou bow thy awful Breſt to ſee
What mine own madneſſes have done with me?

Should not the King ſtill keep his Throne
Becauſe ſome deſperate Fool's undone?
Or will the World's illuſtrious Eyes
Weep for every Worm that dies;

Will the gallant Sun
E'r the leſs Glorious run?
Will he hang down his Golden head
Or e'r the ſooner ſeek his Weſtern bed,
Becauſe ſome fooliſh Fly
Grows wanton, and will dye?

If I were loſt in miſery,
What was it to thy Heav'n and thee?
What was it to thy precious blood
If my ſoul Heart call'd for a floud?

What

What if my faithleſs ſoul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and ſin,
What did the Lamb that he ſhould dye?
What did the Lamb that he ſhould need?
When the Wolf ſins, himſelf to bleed?

If my baſe Luſt,
Bargain'd with Death and well-beſeeming Duſt
Why ſhould the white
Lamb's boſome write
The purple name
Of my ſin's ſhame?

Why ſhould his unſtain'd Breſt make good
My bluſhes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour make me ſee
How dearly thou haſt paid for me

That loſt again, my Life may prove
As then in Death, ſo now in Love.

Sancta Maria dolorum,

Or the Mother of ſorrows; a Pathetical deſcant upon the devout Plainſong of Stabat Mater doloroſa.

1.

IN ſhade of Deaths ſad Tree
Stood doleful ſhe,
Ah ſhe! now by no other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before

Before her Eyes
Her's and the whole World's joyes,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And Pains, her pangs and throes.
Each wound of his, from every part,
All, more at home in her own heart.

2.

What kind of Marble than
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such Noble sorrows company?
Sure even from you
(My Flints) some drops are due
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft Brest.
While with a faithful, mutual, flood
Her Eyes bleed Tears, his wounds weep blood.

3.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse
Divided Loves: while Son and Mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another;
Quick Deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and go:
His Nails write swords in her; which soon her heart
Pays back, with more then their own smart;
Her swords, still growing with his pain,
Turn Spears, and straight come home again;

4.

She ſees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd ſins; and ſwim
In woes that were not made for him.
Ah hard Command
Of Love! Here muſt ſhe ſtand
Charg'd to look on, and with a ſtedfaſt Eye
See her life dye:
Leaving her only ſo much Breath
As ſerves to keep alive her death.

5.

O Mother Turtle-dove!
Soft ſourſe of Love,
That theſe dry Lids might borrow
Somthing from thy full ſeas of Sorrow!
O in that Breſt
Of thine (the nobleſt Neſt
Both of Love's Fires and Flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold, Heart of mine!
The chil lump would relent, and prove
Soft Subject for the ſiege of Love.

6.

O teach thoſe wounds to bleed
In me; me, ſo to read
This Book of Loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it

With Loyal cares.
O let me here claim ſhares;
Yield ſomething in thy ſad prerogative
(Great Queen of griefs) and give
Me to my Tears; who, though all ſtone,
Think much that thou ſhouldſt mourn alone.

7.

Yea let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the Humble Foot
Of this fair Tree take our Eternal Root.
That ſo we may
At leaſt be in Loves way;
And in theſe chaſte wars while the wing'd wounds flee
So faſt 'twixt him and thee,
My Breſt may catch the kiſs of ſome kind Dart,
Though as at ſecond hand, from either Heart.

8.

O you, your own beſt Darts,
Dear doleful hearts!
Hail; and ſtrike home and make me ſee
That wounded boſomes their own weapons be.
Come Wounds! come Darts!
Nail'd hands! and pierced hearts!
Come your whole ſelves, Sorrow's great Son and Mother.
Nor grudge a younger Brother
Of grief's his portion, who (had all their due)
One ſingle wound ſhould not have left for you.

9.

Shall I ſet there
So deep a ſhare
(Dear wounds) and onely now
In ſorrows draw no dividend with you!
O be more wiſe,
If not more ſoft, mine Eyes!
Flow, tardy Founts! and into decent ſhowrs
Diſſolve my Days and Hours.
And if thou yet (faint ſoul!) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

10.

Rich Queen, lend ſome relief;
At leaſt an alms of Grief
To' a heart who by ſad right of ſin
Could prove the whole ſum (too ſure) due to him.
By all thoſe ſtings
Of Love, ſweet bitter things,
Which theſe torn hands tranſcrib'd on thy true Heart;
O teach mine too, the Art
To ſtudy him ſo, till we mix
Wounds, and become one Crucifix.

11.

O let me ſuck the Wine
So long of this chaſte Vine,
Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A loſt thing to the World, as it to me.

O faithful friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold up my life in Love; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death.
Lo, heart, thy hopes whole Plea! her precious breath
Powr'd out in Prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death.

The Hymn of St. Thomas, *in Adoration of the Bleſſed Sacrament.*

WIth all the pow'rs my poor Heart hath
Of humble Love and Loyal Faith,
Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee
Whom too much Love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud ſenſe! diſcourſes dye,
Keep cloſe, my ſoul's inquiring Eye!
Nor touch nor taſte muſt look for more,
But each ſit ſtill in his own door.

Your Ports are all ſuperfluous here,
Save that which lets in Faith, the Ear.
Faith is my skill; Faith can believe
As faſt as Love new Laws can give.
Faith is my force; Faith ſtrength affords
To keep pace with thoſe pow'rful words:
And words more ſure, more ſweet then they
Love could not think, truth could not ſay.

O let thy wretch find that relief
Thou didſt afford the faithful Thief;
Plead for me, Love! Alledge and ſhow
That Faith has farther, here, to go,

And leſs to lean on; becauſe than
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee Man,
Thomas might touch; none but might ſee
At leaſt the ſuffring ſide of thee;
And that too was thy ſelf which thee did cover,
But here ev n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet conſider then, that I
Though allow'd not Hand nor Eye
To teach at thy lov'd Face; nor can
Taſte thee God, or touch thee Man;
Both yet believe and witneſs thee
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my Hope increaſe;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give Love for Life, nor let my days
Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praiſe.

O dear memorial of that Death
Which lives ſtill, and allows us Breath!
Rich, Royal Food! Bountiful Bread!
Whoſe uſe denies us to the Dead;
Whoſe vital guſt alone can give
The ſame leave both to Eat and Live;
Live ever Bread of Loves, and be
My Life, my Soul, my ſurer ſelf to me.

O ſoft ſelf-wounding Pelican!
Whoſe Breſt weeps Balm for wounded Man:
Ah this way bend thy benign Floud
To a bleeding Heart that gaſpes for Blood;
That Blood, whoſe leaſt drops ſoveraign be
To waſh my Worlds of ſins from me.

Come

Come Love! Come Lord! and that long day
For which I languiſh, come away.
When this dry ſoul thoſe Eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd ſourſe of thee.
When Glory's Sun Faith's ſhade ſhall chaſe,
Then for thy veil give me thy Face, *Amen.*

The Hymn for the Bleſſed Sacrament.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

1.

RIſe, Royal *Sion!* riſe and ſing
Thy Soul's kind Shepheard, thy Hearts King.
Stretch all thy powers; call if you can
Harps of Heav'n to hands of man,
This Soveraign ſubject fits above
The beſt ambition of thy Love.

2.

Lo the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant Text, provokes thy praiſe
The living and life-giving Bread,
To the Great Twelve diſtributed
When Life himſelf at point to dy,
Of Love, was his own Legacy.

3.

Come, Love! and let us work a Song
Loud and pleaſant, ſweet and long;

Let Lips and Hearts lift high the noiſe
Of ſo juſt and ſolemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

4.

Lo the new Law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb bleſſes the Board.
The aged *Paſcha* pleads not years
But ſpies Love's dawn, and diſappears.
Types yield to Truths; ſhades ſhrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

5.

But leſt that dy too, we are bid,
Ever to do what he once did.
And by a mindful, myſtick breath,
That we may live, revive his Death;
With a well-bleſt Bread and Wine
Tranſum'd, and taught to turn Divine.

6.

The Heav'n-inſtructed houſe of Faith
Here a Holy Dictate hath,
That they but lend their Form and Face,
Themſelves with reverence leave their place
Nature and Name to be made good
By a Nobler Bread, more needful Blood,

7.

Where Nature's Laws no leave will give,
Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe
In different ſpecies, name not things
Himſelf to me my Saviour brings,
As Meat in that, as Drink in this;
But ſtill in both one Chriſt he is.

8.

The receiving Mouth here makes
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one Thouſand be
Here Dividers, ſingle he
Bears home no leſs, all they no more,
Nor leave they both leſs then before.

9.

Though in it ſelf this Soveraign Feaſt
Be all the ſame to every Gueſt,
Yet on the ſame (life-meaning) Bread
The child of death eats himſelf dead.
Nor is't Love's fault, but Sins dire skill
That thus from Life can Death diſtil.

10.

When the bleſt ſigns thou broke ſhal't ſee,
Hold but thy Faith intire as he,
Who, howſoe'r clad, cannot come
Leſſe then whole Chriſt in every crumme.

In

In broken forms a ſtable Faith
Untouch't her precious Total hath.

11.

Lo the Life-food of Angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The Childrens Bread; the Bridegroom's Wine,
Not to be caſt to Dogs or Swine.

12.

Lo, the full, final, Sacrifice
On which all Figures fix't their Eyes,
The ranſom'd *Iſack*, and his Ram;
The *Manna*, and the *Paſchal Lamb*.

13.

Jeſu, Maſter, Juſt and true!
Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too!
O by thy ſelf vouchſafe to keep,
As with thy ſelf thou feedſt thy ſheep.

14.

O let that Love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low Mortality,
Lift our lean Souls, and ſet us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of Saints, that ſo all may
Drink the ſame Wine; and the ſame Way.
Nor change the Paſture, but the Place,
To feed of Thee in thine own Face. *Amen.*

The HYMN.

Dies iræ dies illa.

In Meditation of the day of Judgment.

1.

HEars't thou, my ſoul, what ſerious things
Both the Pſalm and Sybil ſings
Of a ſure Judge, from whoſe ſharp Ray
The World in Flames ſhall fly away.

2.

O that fire! before whoſe face
Heav'n and Earth ſhall find no place:
O theſe Eyes! whoſe angry light
Muſt be the day of that dread Night.

3.

O that trump! whoſe blaſt ſhall run
An Even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

4.

Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come, and all
The Caves of Night anſwer one call.

5.

O that Book! whoſe Leaves ſo bright
Will ſet the World in ſevere Light.
O that Judge! whoſe Hand, whoſe Eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

6.

Ah then, poor Soul, what wilt thou ſay?
And to what Patron chuſe to pray?
When Stars themſelves ſhall ſtagger; and
The moſt firm Foot no more then ſtand.

7.

But thou giv'ſt leave (dread Lord) that we
Take ſhelter from thy ſelf in Thee;
And with the wings of thine own Dove
Fly to thy Scepter of ſoft Love.

8.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cauſe thou cam'ſt this way.
Thy ſheep was ſtray'd, and thou wouldſt be
Even loſt thy ſelf in ſeeking me.

9.

Shall all that labour, all that coſt
Of Love, and ev'n that loſs, be loſt?
And this lov'd ſoul, judg'd worth no leſs
Then all that way and wearineſs?

10. Juſt

10.

Juſt Mercy then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at firſt with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

11.

Mercy (my Judge) Mercy I cry
With bluſhing Cheek and bleeding Eye,
The conſcious Colours of my ſin
Are Red without and pale within.

12.

O let thine own ſoft Bowells pay
Thy ſelf; and ſo diſcharge that day.
If ſin can ſigh, Love can forgive.
O ſay the word, my Soul ſhall live.

13.

Thoſe Mercies which thy *Mary* found
Or who thy Croſs confeſt and Crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the ſame Loves be
Still alive and ſtill for me.

14.

Though both my Pray'rs and Tears combine,
Both worthleſs are; for they are mine.
But thou thy bounteous ſelf ſtill be;
And ſhow thou art, by ſaving me.

15.

O when thy laſt frown ſhall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy loſt ſheep found ſhall be,
Let *come ye Bleſſed* then call me.

16.

When the dread *Ite* ſhall divide
Thoſe Limbs of death from thy left ſide,
Let thoſe Life-ſpeaking Lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

17.

O hear a ſuppliant heart; all cruſh't
And crumbled into contrite duſt.
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

The HYMN.

O Glorioſa Domina.

HAil, moſt High, moſt humble one!
Above the World; below thy Son
Whoſe bluſh the Moon beauteouſly marres
And ſtains the timerous light of Stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till he had made himſelf thy Son.
The whole World's hoſt would be thy gueſt
And board himſelf at thy rich Breſt,

O boundleſs Hoſpitality!
The Feaſt of all things feeds on thee.
The firſt *Eve*, Mother of our Fall,
E'r ſhe bore any one, ſlew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a haſty Grave;
Quick buried in the wanton Tomb
Of one forbidden bit;
Had not a better Fruit forbidden it.
Had not thy healthful womb
The Worlds new *Eaſtern* window been
And given us Heav'n again in giving him.
Thine was the Roſy Dawn that ſprung the Day
Which renders all the Stars ſhe ſtole away.
Let then the aged World be wiſe, and all
Prove Nobly, here, unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other
And call the Maiden *Eve* their Mother.
Ye redeem'd Nations far and Near,
Applaud your happy ſelves in her,
(All you to whom this Love belongs)
And keep't alive with laſting ſongs.
Let Hearts and Lips ſpeak loud, and ſay,
Hail, door of Life, and ſourſe of Day!
The Door was ſhut, the Fountain ſeal'd;
Yet Light was ſeen and Life reveal'd;
The Fountain ſeal'd, yet Life found way.
Glory to thee, great Virgin's ſon
In boſom of thy Fathers bliſs.
The ſame to thee, ſweet Spirit be done;
As ever ſhall be, was, and is, *Amen.*

The Flaming Heart, upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Tereſa, *as ſhe is uſually expreſſed with a Seraphim beſide her.*

WEll meaning Readers! you that come as friends
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haſte t' admire
That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire,
That is a Seraphim, they ſay
And this the great *Tereſia.*
Readers be rul'd by me; and make
Here a well-plac't and wiſe miſtake;
You muſt transpoſe the picture quite,
And ſpell it wrong to read it right;
Read *Him* for *Her*, and *Her* for *Him*;
And call the Saint the Seraphim.
Painter, what didſt thou underſtand
To put her Dart into his hand!
See, even the years and ſize of him
Shows this the Mother-Seraphim.
This is the Miſtreſs flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to ſee:
O moſt poor-ſpirited of men!
Had thy cold Pencil kiſt her Pen,
Thou couldſt not ſo unkindly err
To ſhow us this faint ſhade for her.

Why

Why Man, this ſpeaks pure mortal frame;
And mocks with female Froſt, Love's manly flame,
One would ſuſpect thou meanſt to print
Some weak, inferiour, Woman Saint.
But had thy pale-fac't purple took
Fire from the burning checks of that bright Book
Thou wouldſt on her have heapt up all
That could be found Seraphical;
What e'r this youth of fire wears fair,
Roſie Fingers, Radiant Hair.
Glowing Cheek, and gliſtring Wings,
All thoſe fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery Dart
Had fill'd the Hand of this great Heart.
Do then as equal right requires,
Since his the bluſhes be, and her's the fires,
Reſume and rectify thy rude deſign;
Undreſs thy Seraphim into Mine.
Redeem this injury of thy Art;
Give him the Vail, give her the Dart.
Give him the vail; that he may cover
The red Cheeks of a rivall'd Lover;
Aſham'd that our worl'd, now, can ſhow
Neſts of new Seraphims here below.
Give her the Dart for it is ſhe
(Fair youth) ſhoots both thy ſhaft and Thee:
Say, all ye wiſe and well-pierc't hearts
That live and dy amidſt her Darts,
What is't your taſtful ſpirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love?
Say and bear witneſs, Sends ſhe not
A Seraphim at every ſhot?
What Magazins of immortal Arms there ſhine,
Heav'ns great Artillery in each love-ſpun line.

Give then the Dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who gives the ſhame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worſt faults to be fortunate;
If all's preſcription; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble ſong;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the ſuffring Seraphim.
His be the bravery of all thoſe bright things.
The glowing Cheeks, the gliſtering wings;
The Roſie hand, the radiant Dart;
Leave her alone the Flaming Heart.
Leave her that; and thou ſhalt leave her
Not one looſe ſhaft but Love's whole Quiver.
For in Love's Field was never found
A Nobler weapon then a wound.
Love's Paſſives are his Activ'ſt part;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O Heart! the equal poiſe of Love's both parts,
Big alike with Wounds and Darts;
Live in theſe conquering Leave's; Live all the ſame;
And walk through all Tongues one Triumphant flame;
Live here, great Heart; and love, and dye, and kill;
And bleed and wound, and yield, and conquer ſtill.
Let this immortal Life where e'r it comes
Walk in a croud of Loves and Martyrdomes.
Let myſtick Deaths wait on't; and wiſe ſouls be
The Love-ſlain witneſſes of this life of thee.
O ſweet incendiary! ſhew here thy Art,
Upon this Carcaſs of a hard cold Heart;
Let all thy ſcatter'd ſhafts of Light, that play
Among the Leaves of thy large Books of day,
Combin'd againſt this Breſt at once break in
And take away from me my ſelf and ſin;

This

This Gracious Robbery ſhall thy bounty be
And my beſt fortunes ſuch fair ſpoils of me.
O thou undaunted Daughter of Deſires!
By all thy Dow'r of Lights and Fires;
By all the Eagle in thee, all the Dove;
By all thy Lives and Deaths of Love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirſts of Love more large then they;
By all thy brim-fill'd Bowls of fierce deſire;
By thy laſt mornings draught of liquid Fire;
By the full Kingdom of that final kiſs
That ſeiz'd thy parting Soul, and ſeal'd thee his;
By all the Heav'ns thou haſt in him
(Fair Siſter of the Seraphim)
By all of Him we have in Thee;
Leave nothing of my Self in me.
Let me ſo read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may dy.

A Song.

LOrd, when the ſenſe of thy ſweet Grace
Sends up my Soul to ſeek thy Face.
Thy Bleſſed Eyes breed ſuch deſire,
I dye in Love's delicious Fire.
O Love, I am thy Sacrifice,
Be ſtill Triumphant, Bleſſed Eyes
Still ſhine on me, fair Suns, that I
Still may behold, though ſtill I dye.

Second part.

Though ſtill I dye, I live again;
Still longing ſo to be ſtill ſlain,

So gainful is ſuch loſs of breath,
I dye even in deſire of death.
Still live in me this loving ſtrife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while thou ſweetly ſlayeſt me,
Dead to my ſelf, I live in thee.

To Miſtreſs M. R. *Councel concerning her Choiſe.*

DEar, Heav'n-deſigned Soul!
Amongſt the reſt
Of Suiters that beſiege your Maiden breſt,
Why may not I
My fortune try
And venture to ſpeak one good word
Not for my ſelf, alas! but for my dearer Lord;
You 'ave ſeen already in this lower ſphear
Of Froth and Bubbles, what to look for here.
Say, gentle Soul, what can you find
But painted ſhapes,
Peacocks and Apes,
Illuſtrious Flies,
Guilded Dunghils, Glorious Lyes,
Goodly ſurmiſes
And deep diſguiſes,
Oaths of Water, Words of Wind?
Truth bids me ſay, 'tis time you ceaſe to Truſt
Your Soul to any ſon of Duſt.
'Tis time you liſten to a braver Love,
Which from above
Calls you up higher,

And

And bids you come
And chooſe your room
Among his own fair ſons of fire,
Where you among
The Golden throng
That watches at his Palace doors
May paſs along
And follow thoſe fair Stars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
The falſe ſmiles of a ſublunary Sun.
Sweet, let me Propheſie that at laſt 'twill prove
Your wary Love
Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy Spouſe
Then this world of Lies can give you,
Ev'n for him with whom nor coſt,
Nor love, nor labour can be loſt;
Him who never, will deceive you.
Let not my Lord, the Mighty Lover
Of ſouls, diſdain that I diſcover
The hidden Art
Of his high ſtratagem to win your heart,
It was his Heav'nly Art
Kindly to croſs you
In your miſtaken Love,
That, at the next remove
Thence he might toſs you,
And ſtrike your troubled heart
Home to himſelf; to hide it in his Breſt
The bright ambroſial Neſt,
Of Love, of Life, and everlaſtiug Reſt.
Happy miſtake!
That thus ſhall wake
Your wiſe ſoul, never to be won
Now with a love below the Sun.

Your first choice fails, O when you choose agen,
May it not be among the sons of men.

ALEXIAS.

The Complaint of the forsaken wife of Saint Alexis.

The First ELEGY.

I Late the Roman Youth's lov'd praise and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd,
Lo here am left (alas,) For my lost mate
T'embrace my Tears, and kiss an unkind Fate.
Sure in my early woes Stars were at strife,
And try'd to make a Widow e'r a Wife.
Nor can I tell (and this new Tears doth breed)
In what strange path my Lord's fair footsteps bleed.
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.
(Who knows how powrful well-writ pray'rs would be)
Sending's too slow a word, my self would fly:
Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I?
But how shall I steal hence? *Alexis* thou,
Ah thou thy self, alas, has taught me how.
Love too, that leads thee, would lend thee the wings
To bear me harmless through the hardest things:
And where Love lends the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
If I be shipwrack't, Love shall teach to swim;
If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for him;

The

The noted ſea ſhall change his name with me;
I,'mongſt the bleſt Stars a new name ſhall be;
And ſure where Lovers make their watry Graves,
The weeping Mariner will augment the waves.
For who ſo hard, but paſſing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and ſay,
Here't was the Roman Maid found a hard fate
While through the world ſhe ſought her wandring Mate;
Here periſht ſhe, poor heart; Heav'ns, be my vows
As true to me, as ſhe was to her Spouſe.
O live, ſo rare a love! live! and in thee
The too frail life of femal conſtancy.
Farewel and ſhine, fair ſoul, ſhine there above
Firm in thy Crown, as here faſt in thy Love.
There thy loſt fugitive thou haſt found at laſt;
Be happy; and for ever hold him faſt.

The Second ELEGY.

THough all the Joys I had fled hence with thee,
Unkind! yet are my Tears ſtill true to me;
I'm wedded o'r again ſince thou art gone,
Nor couldſt thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
Alexis's Widdow now is ſorrow's wife,
With him ſhall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome my ſad ſweet Mate! Now have I got
At laſt a conſtant Love that leaves me not.
Firm he, as thou art falſe, nor need my crys
Thus vex the Earth, and tear the Skies.
For him, alas, ne'r ſhall I need to be
Troubleſome to the World, thus, as for thee,

For thee I talk to Trees; with ſilent Groves
Expoſtulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
Hills and relentleſs Rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardneſs more allude to thee;
To theſe I talk in Tears, and tell my pain;
And anſwer too for them in Tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary Sun?
My watry hour-Glaſs hath old time out-run.
O, I am Learned grown, poor Love and I
Have ſtudied over all Aſtrology.
I'm perfect in Heav'ns ſtate, with every Star
My skilful grief is grown familiar.
Riſe, faireſt of thoſe fires; what e'r thou be
Whoſe Roſie beam ſhall point my Sun to me;
Such as the Sacred Light that er'ſt did bring
The Eaſtern Princes to their infant King.
O riſe, pure Lamp! and lend thy Golden ray
That wary Love at laſt may find his way.

The Third ELEGY.

RIch, churliſh Land! that hid'ſt ſo long in thee,
My Treaſures, rich, alas, by robbing me.
Needs muſt my Miſeries owe that man a ſpite
Who e'r he be was the firſt wandring Knight.
O had he ne'r been at that cruel coſt
Nature's Virginity had ne'r been loſt.
Seas had not been rebuk't by ſaucy Oars
But lain lock't up ſafe in their ſacred ſhores
Men had not ſpurn'd at Mountains; nor made wars
With Rocks; nor bold hands ſtruck the World's ſtrong bars,

Nor

Nor loſt in too large bounds, our little *Rome*
Full ſweetly with it ſelf had dwelt at home.
My poor *Alexis*, then in peaceful life,
Had under ſome low roof lov'd his plain wife:
But now, ah me, from where he has no foes
He flies; and into wilful exile goes.
Cruel return or tell the reaſon why
Thy deareſt Parents have deſerv'd to dye.;
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
Unleſs it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
If Heats of Holier Love and high Deſire
Make big thy fair Breſt with immortal Fire,
What needs my virgin Lord fly thus from me,
Who only wiſh his virgin Wife to be?
Witneſs, chaſte Heav'ns! no happier vows I know
Then to a virgin Grave untouch't to goe.
Love's trueſt knot by *Venus* is not ty'd;
Nor do embraces only make a Bride.
The Queen of Angels, (and men chaſte as you)
Was Maiden-Wife, and Maiden-Mother too.
Cecilia, Glory of her Name and Blood
With happy gain her Maiden vows made good.
The luſty Bridegroom made appoach, young man,
Take heed (ſaid ſhe) take heed *Valerian*;
My boſome Guard, a Spirit great and ſtrong,
Stands arm'd to ſhield me from all wanton wrong.
My Chaſtity is Sacred; and my Sleep
Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears Arms, forſooth, and ſhould there be
No fortreſs built for true Virginity?
No gaping Gorgon this, none like the reſt
Of your learn'd Lyes: here you'l find no ſuch jeſt.
I'm yours, O were my God, my Chriſt ſo too,
I'd know no name of Love on Earth but you.

He

He yields, and ſtraight Baptiz'd, obtains the Grace
To gaze on the fair ſouldier's Glorious face.
Both mixt at laſt their Blood in one rich Bed
Of Roſie Martydome, twice Married.
O burn our *Hymen* bright in ſuch high Flame,
Thy Torch, terreſtrial Love, has here no name.
How ſweet the mutual yoke of Man and Wife,
When Holy fires maintain Love's Heav'nly life!
But I, (ſo help me Heav'n my hopes to ſee)
When Thouſands ſought my Love, lov'd none but Thee.
Still, as their vain Tears my firm vows did try,
Alexis, he alone is mine (ſaid I)
Half true, alas, half falſe, proves that poor Line,
Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

Deſcription of a Religious Houſe and condition of Life.

(Out of *BARCLAY*.)

NO roofs of Gold o'r riotous Tables ſhining,
Whole Days and Suns devour'd with endleſs Dining;
No Sails of Tyrian Silk proud pavements ſweeping;
Nor ivory couches coſtlyer ſlumbers keeping;
Falſe Lights of flairing Gemms; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flattering Men and friſking Boys;
Whate'r falſe ſhows of ſhort and ſlippery good
Mix the mad ſons of Men in mutual blood.
But Walks and unſhorn Woods; and Souls, juſt ſo
Unforc't and genuine; but not ſhady tho:
Our Lodgings hard and homely as our Fare,
That Chaſte and Cheap, as the few Clothes we wear.

Thoſe

Thoſe courſe and negligent, as the natural Locks
Of theſe looſe Groves, rough as th' unpoliſht Rocks.
A haſty portion of preſcribed ſleep;
Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep,
And Sing, and Sigh, and Work, and Sleep again;
Still rowling a round Sphear of ſtill-returning pain,
Hands full of hearty labours, do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let to morrows
New drops waſh off the ſweat of this days ſorrows.
A long and daily dying-life, which breaths
A reſpiration of reviving deaths,
But neither are there thoſe ignoble ſtings
That nip the boſome of the World's beſt things
And laſh Earth-laboring ſouls;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake; as things too wiſe for ſleep:
But Reverent Diſcipline, and Religious Fear,
And ſoft obedience find ſweet biding here;
Silence, and ſacred Reſt; Peace, and pure joys;
Kind Loves keep houſe, lie cloſe, and make no noiſe,
And room enough for Monarchs while none ſwels
Beyond the Kingdoms of contentful Cels.
The ſelf-remembring Soul ſweetly recovers
Her kindred with the Stars; not baſely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original ſource of Light and intellectual Day.

Deaths

Deaths Lecture, the Funeral of a young Gentleman.

DEar Reliques of a diſlodg'd Soul, whoſe lack
Makes many a mourning Paper put on black!
O ſtay a while e'r thou draw in thy head
And wind thy ſelf up cloſe in thy cold bed.
Stay but a little while until I call
A ſummons worthy of thy Funeral;
Come then, Youth, Beauty and Blood;
All the ſoft pow'rs
Whoſe Silken flatteries ſwell a few fond hours
Into a falſe Eternity. Come man;
Hyperbolized Nothing! know thy ſpan;
Take thine own meaſure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy ſelf in thine Idea; thou
Huge emptineſs! contract thy ſelf, and ſhrink
All thy wild Circle to a point, O ſink
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean ſize
Call Heav'n to look on thee with narrow Eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet; till thou begin
To ſhow a Face, fit to confeſs thy Kin,
Thy Neighbourhood to Nothing.
Proud Looks, and lofty Eye-lids, here put on
Your ſelves in your unfaign'd reflexion,
Here, gallant Ladies; this unpartial Glaſs
(Though you be painted) ſhows you your true face:
Theſe death-ſeal'd Lips are they dare give the lye
To the loud boaſts of poor Mortality:
Theſe Curtain'd windows, this retired Eye
Out-ſtares the Lids of large-look't Tiranny:

This

This poſture is the brave one, this that lies
Thus low, ſtands up (methinks) thus and defies
The World; all-daring Duſt and Aſhes! only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

Temperance, or the cheap Phyſitian upon the Tranſlation of Leſſius.

GOe now; and with ſome daring drug
Bait thy diſeaſe, and whilſt they tug,
Thou to maintain their pretious ſtrife
Spend the dear Treaſures of thy life.
Goe take Phyſick, doat upon
Some big-nam'd Compoſition,
Th' Oraculous Doctors myſtick Bills;
Certain hard Words made into Pills,
And what at laſt ſhal't gain by theſe?
Only a coſtlier diſeaſe,
That which makes us have no need
Of Phyſick, that's Phyſick indeed.
Hark hither, Reader, wilt thou ſee
Nature her own Phyſitian be?
Wilt ſee a man, all his own wealth,
His own Muſick, his own Health;
A man whoſe ſober ſoul can tell
How to wear her Garments well,
Her Garments, that upon her ſit
As Garments ſhould do cloſe and fit;
A well-cloth'd ſoul that's not oppreſt
Nor choak't with what ſhe ſhould be dreſt.
A ſoul-ſheath'd in a Chriſtal ſhrine;
Through which all her bright features ſhine;

As

As when a piece of wanton Lawn,
A thin aerial veil, is drawn
O'r beauties face, ſeeming to hide,
More ſweetly ſhows the bluſhing bride.
A ſoul, whoſe intellectual beams
No Miſts do Mask, no Lazy ſteams,
A happy ſoul, that all the way
To Heav'n rides in a Summers day.
Would'ſt ſee a man, whoſe well-warm'd Blood
Baths him in a genuine Flood!
A man whoſe tuned humours be
A ſeat of rareſt harmony?
Would'ſt ſee blith looks, freſh Cheeks beguile
Age? wouldſt ſee *December* ſmile?
Would'ſt ſee Neſts of new Roſes grow
In a bed of reverend Snow?
Warm Thoughts, free Spirits flattering
Winter's ſelf into a Spring.
In ſumme, would'ſt ſee a man that can
Live to be old, and ſtill a man?
Whoſe lateſt and moſt leaden hours
Fall with ſoft wings, ſtuck with ſoft flowers;
And when Life's ſweet Fable ends,
Soul and Body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiſs, a Sigh, and ſo away.
This rare one, Reader, wouldſt thou ſee?
Hark hither; and thy ſelf be he.

FINIS.

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